

The Messenger

Dr A H Strickler
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"Is the Truth in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D.,

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Poetry.

"MASTER SAY ON!"

Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Longing for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.

I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

Master, speak in love and power;
Crown the mercies of the day,
In this quiet evening hour
Of the moonrise o'er the bay,

With the music of Thy voice;
Speak, and bid Thy child rejoice.

Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwelcome echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine,

Let Thy longing for accents fall;
Master, speak and silence all.

Master, speak! I do not doubt Thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! O, without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed;

But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love, and clearer sight.

Resting on the "faithful saying,"
Trusting what Thy Gospel saith,
On Thy written promise staying
All my hope in life and death;—

Yet I ask for something more
From Thy love's exhaustless store.

Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,

Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

Master, speak! I kneel before Thee,
Listening, longing, waiting still,
O, how long shall I implore Thee
This petition to fulfil!

Hast Thou not one word for me?
Must my prayer unanswered be?

Master, speak! Though least and lowest
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for O! Thou knowest
All the yearnings of my heart;

Knowest all its truest need;
Speak! and make me blest indeed.

Master, speak! and make me ready
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.

I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak! O speak to me!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

LETTER FROM JAPAN.

TSUKIJI.

The foreign settlement in Tokio is generally known by the above name. Tsukiji, literally means, made ground. The place is small and lies east and south-east of the city, on the banks of the Yedo bay. The water from the bay has receded and the place left vacant was prepared by the government for building purposes. It is almost entirely surrounded by canals which are daily filled and emptied by the water from the bay during high and low tides. The place is well laid out with streets about forty feet wide, lighted and cleaned, and contrasts finely with the streets of the city.

The place was set apart for a foreign business settlement in 1870, with a great outlay of money. The place as a business place is a failure, because of the high ground rent, but mainly because of the shallowness of the bay which makes it impossible for large vessels to approach. There are now only missionaries, foreign officials at the consulates, and a few merchants. From the beginning of the settlement it was necessary to guard all approaches to the foreign quarter, to keep off suspicious two sworded men of the Japanese, and to keep the foreign barbarians within their defined limits. But these have all been removed, and foreigners are no longer barbarians, and are now allowed to go where they please unmolested. Foreigners are not allowed to build in the city neither to live there, unless employed by the government. Preaching stations and chapels are built and rented in the name of a Japanese, and the property virtually becomes native property. This is the only way of getting out into the city at all, and this way is allowed by the government.

There are in Tsukiji three mission schools for girls and one for boys. There is also a Union Theological Seminary about finished, under the care of the Dutch Reformed and Scotch and American Presbyterian Churches. We have also a Union Chapel, where the missionaries preach in turn, and where their families and others attend worship on Sabbath.

The whole settlement is laid off in Chōs (divisions), and the houses numbered. There are four of these divisions, called *Asakicho*, *Irifuncho*, *Odowaracho*, and *Shinsakacho*, which last cho, I hope all will remember for in it stands the Reformed Church Mission house, numbered 28, a credit to the Reformed Church in Japan.

We moved here from Yokohama on the 22d of June. In order to save the Board as much expense as possible, I undertook to do the managing of the affairs myself, and succeeded. I did the most of the packing myself with the assistance of my faithful servant, and saw that everything was carefully carted to the station. Carts drawn by men are used here instead of wagons; it was a rich experience for me, and tested my knowledge of the language.

We were glad to get here, though we do not regret having lived in Yokohama for a while. We were getting to feel the necessity of being on our field of labor, for where one expects to begin work, there he should prepare for his work. We have here a fine field, and the large city with its hundreds of thousands of people, is a great incentive to diligent perseverance and simple-hearted piety.

We are now again at our regular work on the study of the language. We were interrupted a month or more, by getting things arranged, but this was cheerfully done, being so pleased that Providence had opened a place for us to live without the trouble, time and expense of building. We cannot help feeling the Providential call to the exercise of stronger faith, and more earnest work, both on the part of ourselves and the Church, by the timely opening for us in this city. God is gradually fulfilling His promise to us and the Church. Oh, that we may have faith to go on, that He may honor us with the complete fulfillment of His promises and His blessings, in the gathering in of many souls into His kingdom. May the Spirit of God consecrate us and the Church more and more to this great work of extending His kingdom which shall continue forever. Next in importance to the interests of one's own soul, is the interest in the kingdom of Christ. The whole of life on earth seems to be bounded by these two interests.—Yours respectfully, AMBROSE D. GRING.
Tokio, July 29, 1880.

What a folly it is to dread the thought of throwing away life at once, and yet have no regard to throwing it away by parcels and piecemeal.—Howe.

People talk about looking back on a well-spent life: I look up—to Him who spent His life gloriously to redeem the life of my precious soul; and there alone I dare to look. I thank God who has kept me from the grosser sins of the world; but there is not a prayer more suitable to my dying lips than that of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner."—Rowland Hill.

Selections.

THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF GOD.

God Ethical in Himself.—Is God ethical in Himself? And if so, how far does such a conception of His nature secure both His immutability and vitality?

We must here touch upon the old and yet ever new Platonic question, Is the good good because God wills it? or does He will it because it is good? Let us consider.

(1) The first alternative, that is, the good is good because God wills it. Those who, like Duns Scotus, take this first view, say that good owes its goodness solely to the divine beneplacitum, to the divine sovereignty. The omnipotence of God is the source of the ethical, and if God had willed He might, without self-contradiction, have constituted morally good the opposite of what we now deem to be good. On this supposition, God would, of course, not be ethical in Himself; the ethical would lie, as it were, outside the divine.

The present is not the place to follow out this view into all its consequences; but still it may be well to call attention to one or two of the dangers which it involves. It is, first, incompatible with true gospel freedom; the root of which, in contrast to mere legalism, is insight into the inner essential goodness of the good—an insight which is of course impossible if good is good simply because it pleased the *liberum arbitrium* of God that it should be so. Secondly, the apparent elevation of God above the ethical thus secured is in reality an abasement under it; and the moral idea becomes the legitimate object of scepticism. Further, if the will of God is absolutely undetermined by anything but itself, it is mere caprice. That good is good and evil is evil is then pure accident; and consequently both alike are indifferent to God.

(2) The second alternative, namely, that God wills the good because it is good. By accepting this alternative we should secure the inner goodness of the good; the good would then be recognized as something absolute in itself; but we should also fall into new, or rather, rightly considered, the old dangers. If God wills the good because it is good, its goodness must be independent of Him. God, therefore, might be God without the good; or, in other words, the good or the ethical would be assigned a place outside the divine essence. We should thus fall back substantially on the first alternative; for if God might be God without willing the good, the good must be something non-essential to Him, and in endeavoring to account for its origin we should be tempted to recur again to the unsatisfactory explanation given by Scotus.

(3) The only course remaining open to us is to assign the good an original primal position in God Himself. It is neither a mere law above God, nor a mere something sanctioned by God for the world, but a constitutive element of the very nature of God Himself, without which He would not be God. God must be defined as ethical in Himself. He is the primal principle of all morality. This follows, indeed, from the bare idea of the ethical as possessed of essential and absolute value; for if conceived at all, it cannot be otherwise conceived. And it is impossible to suppose that anything possessed of absolute worth should not form an original factor of the being of God.

The Mode of conceiving God as Ethical.—How, then, shall we conceive of the ethical in God? And how is God to be conceived as a moral being? Is He ethical because it is His will to be ethical? or because it is His nature? These are obviously, under another form, the alternatives touched on in the last paragraph.

One thing must unquestionably be taken for granted: The ethical as possessed of absolute dignity and worth lays claim to a real and not merely an ideal existence in God; in other words, it claims to form a part of the divine being, and to exert an all-determining influence on the divine life. An existence consisting merely in its recognition by the divine mind as true in itself—an existence in thought—would not suffice. For mathematical truths, indeed, it is a matter of indifference whether they have real or merely ideal existence. The mathematical

circle, for example, is all it claims to be, whether it exist really, or merely in thought. But to ethical truth, though not less essentially true than mathematical truth, it is essential that it attain reality, that it have veritable being. It would seem, therefore, that God must be termed good, because it is His nature to be good, and because His will and life, yea, He Himself, is determined by His nature.

At this point, however, we are met by the just objection that it is essential to the ethical to be the result of volition; it can nowhere have reality immediately, that is, without the intervention of the will. In other words, though a being may be called a moral being in virtue of its moral capacities, it cannot really possess morality, it cannot be moral,—that is, it cannot be termed good,—without first having willed to be so. The ethical, therefore, cannot possibly have an absolute and real existence in God immediately, but solely on the ground of being eternally willed by the divine will. Strictly speaking, we can form no conception of innate human virtue; nor can the divine goodness be the mere outflow of a good nature. Were this the case, divine goodness would be a fatalistic necessity, instead of the product of free volition. God would no longer be the God of love, whose image it is our destiny to become.

And yet this is not the whole truth. In some sense or other, the ethical must precede, as well as be the result of volition. Unless this be recognized, we fall back into the error of Scotus. A will whose volitions are in no sense determined by the ethical—and in such case it must plainly have a prior existence—would be mere arbitrariness, and a will that wills the good from mere caprice can never acquire the character of goodness.

Whilst, therefore, it is wrong to represent the divine nature as the sole primary source of the ethical in God, it is equally false to trace it exclusively to His will. Whether God be viewed exclusively as ethical substance or as ethical will, is a matter of indifference, as far as the result is concerned. In either case, we remain fixed in the category of the physical, instead of advancing on to that of the ethical. In some way or other, therefore, necessity and freedom, will and nature, must be combined.

But how is it possible to unite two apparently opposite things? That deity must be conceived as the absolute realization of the ethical we are convinced; but our inquiry into the *how* has thus far only taught us, first, that a mere ethical nature is a *contradictio in adjecto*; and secondly, that it is inconsistent with the idea and essence of the ethical to trace it solely to the will. The two aspects in question—to wit, the eternal production of the ethical by the divine will, and the equally eternal presence of the ethical in the divine essence—can only be combined on the supposition that the one ethical principle has in Him several distinct and yet closely connected modes of existence.

Let us now examine and endeavor to establish this position—that God is a moral being, first, by necessity of nature; secondly, by His own free act; and thirdly, that on the ground of both together He is eternally self-conscious, free, and holy love.

God as Ethical by Necessity of Nature.—The ethical in its character of necessity cannot be supposed to fall outside of God; for inasmuch as there cannot be a law of the good above God, He must be the law Himself. Nor can this ethical necessity exist in God merely in the form of a categorical imperative, in the form of mere obligation without actual being, in the form of a necessary thought without vehicle; but must be an eternal mode of the divine being—nay, more, its primary mode. If God is to be conceived as ethical, we cannot begin with the divine will as free. Taking freedom alone, completely unconditioned and undetermined by moral necessity, as our starting-point, we shall arrive neither at that which is good in itself and truly necessary, nor at the volition thereof; for such freedom is caprice, and caprice can only generate caprice; whereas volition is good solely when its object is the good because it is good, and not evil; and that which is in itself ethically necessary and possessed of absolute inherent worth cannot be dependent on caprice. We have no alternative, therefore, but to commence with the view of God as morally good

by necessity of being or nature. In other words, God cannot but be morally good; the ethical is in Him a holy and necessary power, which neither can nor will renounce itself. This first mode of the being of God as ethical we designate, in analogy with the usage of the Church and the New Testament, the *Father*. Such is the aspect under which the Scriptures set forth the Father even relatively to the world of revelation. He is the foundation of all ethical necessity; the law of conscience and the law of Sinai alike point back to Him; even the Son Himself recognizes in the Father his ethical *dei*.

God as Ethical by His Own Free Choice.—But this necessity under which God lies of being morally good is not to be conceived as a fatality hostile to freedom; nor does it give a complete account of the moral constitution of deity. It must not be forgotten that we are speaking of ethical necessity, which demands that the good be actual, and therefore points of itself to freedom as the only adequate form under which it can be realized. It is not God's will to have an ethical being of which He is in no sense the producing cause, and which works, as it were, fatalistically, like the laws of nature. The ethical necessity which He Himself is cannot but will the free; because freedom alone can give to the necessarily good—the good in and of itself—the form of existence which it seeks. Moral necessity is a lover of liberty, and goodness has no pleasure in any realization of itself. Naturalism in representing the actual will of God as directly and simply determined by a nature of which He is not Himself the originating cause is the death of the ethical. This, in fact, becomes clear enough the moment we speak, as we then must, of God being and cherishing love by natural necessity. So that whilst we are compelled to confess, on the one hand, that God would not be ethical at all if He were not so by a necessity of His nature, we are equally compelled, on the other hand, to acknowledge that He cannot be content to have an ethical nature of which He is not the eternal, living, free cause. Without freedom there is no love. After the analogy of the New Testament and of the Church, we assign this second free mode of the existence of the ethical in God to the *Son*; the Son being the divine principle of the kingdom of freedom and of the domain of the historical—the principle of movement on the ground of a given basis. In the world, as truly as in God, ethical necessity is the condition of all genuine freedom. The incarnate Son described Himself as making free (John viii. 32), and as the Son of the house, in distinction from the servants or bondsmen.—Dr. Dörner, translated for *The Bibliotheca Sacra*, for April, 1879.

PREACHING TO INDIVIDUALS.

Daniel Webster once said, "Many ministers take their texts from Paul and preach from the newspapers. When they do, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts rather than to listen. If they would preach more to individuals and less to the crowds, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of true religion. I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying: 'You are mortal, your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily. You are immortal, too, you are hastening to the bar of God; the Judge even now standeth at the door!' When I am thus admonished I have no disposition either to muse or to sleep." Charles the First made the same criticism on one of his chaplains, whose direct preaching aroused his conscience and rendered indifference impossible. The pulpit should handle themes of personal, immediate importance, rather than remote, vague and far fetched topics, such as befitted the lecture room or philosophical club. Discussions of protoplasm, the Lost Tribes, and a score of similar themes, have no place in the short hour given to the consideration of the claims of personal religion.—*Homiletic Monthly*.

A prayerless soul is a Christless soul, and a Christless soul is a helpless soul.

It is but little we can receive here, some drops of joy that enter into us; but there we shall enter into joy, as vessels put into a sea of happiness.—Leighton.

Family Reading.

HIS OWN.

"They shall be as the stones of a crown."
ZECH. ix. 16.

The Master came to our dwelling,
And left us a jewel one day,
To be cherished, and guarded, and polished,
Till it shone with luminous ray.
We knew it was all for His service,
But the gem in such beauty shone,
We almost forgot, as we watched it,
It was not indeed our own!

The burdens of life grew lighter,
The home was a holier place;
The clouds, in our daily journey,
Left only a passing trace;
And we thought what a blessed mission
To keep, in our tenderest care,
The jewel the Master entrusted us,
So beautiful, bright, and fair!

We knew that the lengthening shadows
Would steal o'er our path some day,
But we trusted the light at the hearthstone
Would shine with a quenchless ray!
That we were to be the keepers
Of this treasure from the skies,
Till our weary hands were folded,
And the curtain veiled our eyes.

Then a darkness thick o'erwhelmed us,
We groped in its stifling breath,
For our hearts were torn and bleeding
By the mighty hand of Death.
The Master has taken His treasure
The jewel that was His own,
And the added beauties of heaven
In its radiant lustre shone!

So now, with our upward yearnings,
Since the light of our home has fled,
We bear the burdens unshrinking,
And the daily pathway tread;
For heaven, with all its glory,
Is brighter and lovelier yet,
For amid "the stones of the crown"
Our beautiful jewel is set.

—N. Y. Observer.

MARTYR—DEATH OF POLYCARP.

The crown of the life of Polycarp was its close. The glory encircling him illumines all the dark background. The actors are the representatives of great parties and ages in fearful conflict. The catastrophe, therefore, is world-wide in its significance. We see, first, the heathen raging. Smyrna becomes the scene of a fearful persecution. The Christians are the victims of tortures never heard of. The steadfastness of a youth named Germanicus so excites the mob that they started the shout "Away with the atheists!" "Let Polycarp, too, be taken!" The treachery of a slave who was put under torture disclosed the retreat of the latter. He had kept calm after the news of the outcry against him, and had refused to leave the city. Finally he yielded to the entreaties of many Christians, and retired to a barn not far away. There, in prayer, he had seen in a vision his pillow on fire, and had uttered the prediction that he would be burned alive. He had put a greater distance between himself and his pursuers. Found at last, he tried to fly no more, saying: "God's will be done." The officers were astonished at the firmness of the aged person who addressed them; some repented, upon hearing his prayers, of having hunted down such a God-like old man.

He was brought into the city next day, and led to the race course. When he had spurned every threat and enticing argument used to secure his apostacy, the pro consul caused it to be thrice proclaimed: "Polycarp had confessed himself a Christian." Immediately the multitude of angry heathen shouted: "He is the teacher of godlessness, the destroyer of our gods, teaching everywhere neither to pray to them nor to sacrifice!" They demanded that he should be thrown to the wild beasts, or, if this could not be, that he should be burned alive. They began preparing the funeral pile. The people carried to the spot wood and kindlings from the shops and public baths. The Jews joined the cry, proving among the foremost in the enterprise, according to their custom, adds the church record. Nor would they even promise the Christians the martyr's body.

It was made a point by pagan magistrates to compel Christians to apostatize. They held those who refused to be guilty of treason. The irenarch who conveyed Polycarp to the race-course in his carriage, failing to persuade him, heaped revilings on him, putting him out of the chariot. The pro-consul, wishing, it would seem, to save him, made further attempts. But he feared the people, and at last yielded to their importunity. Polycarp all the while maintained such quiet composure and joyful confidence as impressed even his persecutors. In the race-course the pro-consul exhorted him to abjure and to cry: "Perish the godless!" meaning the Christians. Polycarp, with grave mien, looking upon the mass of pagans, sighing, and looking upwards, said: "Perish the godless!" The pro-consul then urged him to blaspheme Christ, and he would set him free.

Polycarp uttered the memorable saying: "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He has done me no evil; how can I blaspheme my King, my Redeemer?" The pro-consul threatened him with the wild beasts; when that was of no avail, with the fire. Polycarp replied: "You threaten me with fire, which burns for an hour, and dies out. Thou knowest not the fire of the judgment to come, and the everlasting torment reserved for the wicked. But why do you hesitate? Inflict what you will." At the stake he prayed once more, thanking God that He had deemed him worthy of this day and this hour, to drink of Christ's cup, and to be numbered among the witnesses of the resurrection of the soul and body to everlasting life. Into their company he would be welcomed, this day, an offering well-pleasing to the Lord. When the fire was kindled, it flamed around him, without touching his body. The executioner had to pierce him through with his sword. Thereupon so much blood flowed that it put the fire out. With this death the persecution for that time came to an end.—*Leaders of our Church Universal.*

THE MOSLEM SETTING HIS HOUSE IN ORDER.

A traveler among the mountains of Asia Minor, who had pitched his tent not very far from the birthplace of the great Apostle of the Gentiles in the province of Cilicia, was surprised the other day, as he narrates, by a poor ignorant Turkish woman coming up to his tent door, and asking him if it was really true that the day of judgment was near. "On questioning her," he writes, "as to her reasons for making such an inquiry, I found that she had heard the villagers, especially the leading men, express the opinion that the last days of Islamism had come, and that the whole world is about to be judged for its wickedness. To-day," he goes on to say, "I have had a long conversation with a Turkish Cadi, or judge, the drift of whose conversation took the same direction. These two persons represent the extremes of society among the Turks, yet they are agreed as to the decadence and probable collapse of the Turkish power. A large majority of the Turks are despondent. Their despondency is rather increased than otherwise by seeing their Christian neighbors hopeful, and increasing in prosperity. The recent changes in the condition of the Christian in Asia Minor have been so small that it is not easy to see on what grounds they are so hopeful; yet that they are hopeful and actuated by new energy, is evident to the most casual observer. I can compare their present appearance and bearing to nothing so well as to men who find themselves recovering from certain diseases—fever, for example. As strength recovers, and healthy blood begins to flow through the system, we know well how such men are stirred with new hopes and earnest desires to go about their work; this is the precise condition of the Christian races in this part of the Turkish Empire. Centuries of subjection to the authority of the Moslems have not utterly crushed them; their hopes are reviving; and they are looking in all directions to see what they can do to prepare themselves and their children for the new era that seems to be dawning upon them. It is interesting and encouraging to see how anxious men are, among the Christians, to send their sons and daughters to the best schools in the country.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence, and tact she can secure to her partner and to herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginning or how adverse a fate may be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirits, shaken by the anxiety of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health, if disease has overtaken his powers. By her counsel and love she can win him from bad company, if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray. By her example, her precepts, and her sex's insight into character she can mould her children, however adverse their dispositions, into noble men and women. And by leading in all things a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate, and spiritualize all who come within reach, so that with others of her sex, emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated.

She can do much, alas! more to degrade man, if she chooses so to do. As a wife she can ruin herself by extravagance, folly, or want of affection. She can make a demon or an outcast of a man who might otherwise become a good member of society. She can bring

bickerings, strife and discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes into vile men and even into vile women. She can lower the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the spring head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the earth smiles with loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and arid desert, covered with the scorn of all evil passion and swept by the bitter blast of everlasting death. This is what a woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no worthy work, as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher road to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.—*London Journal.*

JAPANESE BIBLE.

With special gratitude to God, the Managers of the American Bible Society announce the completion of a work so important to the Empire of Japan as the rendering of the entire New Testament into the language of its people. The expense of making this version, amounting to many thousands of dollars, has been borne by the Bible and missionary societies of America; and the credit of the work belongs to our countrymen, Drs. Brown, Hepburn and Greene, representing the Reformed, the Presbyterian, and the American Boards—who, having for ten years past devoted their energies to this undertaking, are now permitted to witness its consummation. In preparing the volume for publication, in various styles of typography, Dr. Gulick has been instructed to share his editions with the English and Scotch missionaries, allowing them to take at cost as many copies of each kind as they may choose. A beginning has been made of a translation of the Old Testament, under the auspices of the permanent committee appointed by the Tokio Conference in May, 1878, and the American Bible Society has united with the British and Scotch Bible Societies in providing for the current incidental expenses of this work, with the understanding that the fruits of the experiment are to be the common property of all the Protestant missions.

ALPACA.

This useful material, so much in demand at the present day, is manufactured from the wool of the alpaca goat, a species of the Llama, whose home is in the mountain regions of Peru. It lives on the coarsest fare, the scanty herbage that springs up in the fissures of the rocks; but it has a beautiful, wavy coat of white, chestnut-brown wool, which is nearly a foot in length, very soft and elastic, nearly as fine as that of the Cashmere goat. This is sheared off every year or two, and sent in little bales or ballots to England or France, or to wherever it is to be manufactured. It is then washed, dried, combed and finally sorted preparatory to being manufactured into the yarn from which is made the cloth, the material undergoing thirteen or fourteen different processes in the course of its preparation. Ladies will admit that it is worth the trouble, however. Half a century ago this durable fabric was unknown to us. But about that time some sacks of a queer, fibrous material, which looked like "superannuated horse hair," were landed on Liverpool docks. There they lay a long time unsold, until one day a young man of an inquiring turn of mind, peering about, noticed some of their contents sticking out of a hole in one of them. He looked curiously at it, rubbed it in his fingers, and finally pocketed it and walked off. The result was—alpaca. He had discovered the "horse hair" to be the wool of the alpaca goat, and was ingenious enough to conceive it into dress goods, and enterprising enough to carry his idea out.

ONE TALENT.

One talent, well cultivated, deepened and enlarged, is worth a hundred shallow faculties. The first law of success at this day, when so many matters are clamoring for attention, is concentration; to bend all the energies to one point, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It has been justly said that a great deal of the wisdom of a man in this century is shown in leaving things unknown; and a great deal of his practical sense in leaving things undone. The day of universal scholars is past. "Life is short and art is long." The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it; and the man who would know one thing well must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand things, however attractive or inviting. As with knowledge, so with work. The man who would get along must single out his specialty, and into

that must pour the whole stream of his activity—all the energies of his hand, eye, tongue, heart and brain. Broad culture, many-sidedness, are beautiful things to contemplate; but it is the narrow-edge men, the men of single and intense purpose, who steel their souls against all things else, who accomplish the hard work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when hard work is to be done.

THE FAMILY PURSE.

The money question between husband and wife is one of the most serious drawbacks to married happiness, and it is time it was adjusted on a more just and equal basis. The life of utter dependence which some women lead is crushing and degrading. Men do not realize the utter helplessness and vacuity to which the system condemns woman. Now, does anybody believe that it is necessary for the welfare of the family that she should go to him for twenty-five cents every time she needs it for car-fare or a spoon of thread? Is it right or just to take her imbecility in money matters for granted before she has been tested? Is it not just such women, who are left by the failure of some speculative craze to their own resources, with the burden of a family upon their inexperienced shoulders, who often display wonderful powers of energy and calculation, in addition to thrift and persevering industry, which ought to put all such men to shame?

Women, as a general rule, can make one dollar go as far as two in the hands of men; and many conceited individuals, who now consider that the social system bounded by four walls of their dwelling would cease to revolve if they were taken out of it, would find great happiness and great pecuniary advantage in putting the control of all the interior of their homes in the hands of their wives, with a division of the income equal to the requirement.—*Woman's Journal.*

HEIMGANG.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Heimgang! So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell.
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome
And the singers chanting surges,
"Heimgang!" Always going home.
Heimgang! Quaint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying,
And the hymns that Luther sung.
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey toward "God's Acre,"
"Heimgang!" Always going home.
Heimgang! We are all so weary.
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,
Woo to us the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"Heimgang!" We are going home.

MOSQUITOES.

Among living creatures, can we find one that so belies its appearance as the mosquito? What an innocent little thing it looks like! Bloodthirsty? Impossible! See—as it alights before you, a thistle-down is bulky compared with it; the floating ghost of the dandelion is coarse beside the slender outlines of this airy gossamer. None of the gauze-winged or beetle-backed atomies that frolic in the sunshine appear less capable of inflicting pain. As the nimble mosquito sings and dances airily over your head, he seems innocent compared to yonder black spider. And yet at your slightest movement the spider scuttles off, only anxious to get out of the way; while the little singer, so graceful in the airy curves of its flight, retreats a circle higher only to renew his attack at your first unguarded moment. His movements are as light as if earthly elements had formed none of his component parts, or as if he might live on mist or dew, or as if his ethereal frame found its support in the moisture inherent in the air!

What a mistake! There is nothing more bloodthirsty, and more persistently intent upon satisfying his craving for blood, than this innocent-looking little hypocrite. The house-fly, alighting on your face and tickling you with his six rough spongy feet—had he a like power to inflict pain, to what annoyance would you be subject! If to the domestic animals was given in proportion to their strength and size, the power and will of the mosquito to inflict torment, what a world this would be; the lion and the tiger would be comparatively harmless!

Surely these innumerable and ubiquitous little pests were given to teach us some lesson. We find their prototypes in the tormenting and harassing nothings that worry our every-day life, the sharp sting given under cover of appar-

ently smooth words, the buzzing of malicious tongues; the hints, the innuendoes that seem such trifles and yet do so much to poison our happiness—these are the mosquitoes that sting the heart. You who find cause for complaint that God should give life to such tormenting things in the animal world, is your conscience clear that you have not enacted the same part in a higher sphere? Have your acts and words been always so full of love and tenderness, that you have never willingly inflicted pain upon those around you? If you are careless of hurting the feelings of others, look at yonder insect devoting its ephemeral existence to its own comfort at the expense of yours, and say if you are not imitating the mosquito with your greater powers, and carrying the annoyance of the lower into the higher life.—*G. L. V., Christian Intelligencer.*

A GREAT EVIL.

The foe of American social life is in the tendency to luxury and effeminacy among the well-to-do young women of our American cities and large towns. They do not realize how this dreadful mania for expensive pleasures, and a life of alternate idleness and amusement, is destroying their health, abolishing true marriage, feeding the flame of gross sensuality and intemperance among young men, and saddening the hopes of the best parents in the land. Some of them will never know it in this world. Thousands of good-hearted young girls are sacrificed every year when a little wise and loving guidance could save them. But we feel that they should be told that unless they change this they will pass away like the flowers of June, and a more hardy and resolute class occupy their places. American society will shed every class of triflers, male or female, that does not do its work, as the forests shed their withered leaves. Let them awake from their dream of social indulgences; learn to live out of doors; to build up their health; to cultivate more simple tastes in dress, and more moderation in pleasure; study domestic economy; study social skill and tact; fit themselves for the noblest positions ever yet offered to their sex, and learn that woman is the soul of American life, not the tinsel on its garment.—*Presbyterian.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

CARPETS.—A tablespoonful of ammonia to one gallon of warm water will often restore the colors of carpets, even if injured by acid or alkali. If a ceiling has been whitewashed with the carpets down, and a few drops should fall, this will remove it. Or, after the carpet is well beaten and brushed, scour with ox-gall, which will not only extract grease, but freshen the colors. One pint of gall in three gallons of warm water will do for a large carpet. Table and floor cloths may be thus washed. The suds left from a wash, when ammonia is used, even if almost cold, cleanses floor-cloths well.

A PRETTY WINDOW TRANSPARENCY. Get two panes of good, white glass, of equal size. Make them perfectly clean. Lay one of the panes down on the table, and cover it with a piece of the sheerest tulle or Indian muslin, pressed smooth. Be careful to have the threads of the muslin perfectly parallel to the sides of the glass—fasten it to the edges with fine paste. To get this on right, is a very difficult thing to manage. Arrange on the tulle a group of ferns and leaves, securing them in place by a drop of mucilage. Now lay over it carefully, so as not to disturb your picture, another pane of glass, fasten the two together with a narrow strip of linen or muslin, pasted on. Put an extra binding of tape across the top edge; on which, when dry, sew in the middle a loop of the same to hang it by. Bind it all with a ribbon wide enough to cover the other, paste on, cutting a slit in that which goes over the top, through which pull the loop.

HYACINTHS.—The *Garden* says: "Hyacinths may be potted from September to Christmas to secure a succession of bloom. October is, perhaps, generally the best time for potting. If new pots be used, they should be soaked in water before placing the soil in them. Five and six inch pots are the sizes generally used. In potting one-third of the bulb should be left above the surface of the soil, and the pots should be placed on the level ground out of doors, having previously taken precautions to prevent the ingress of worms through the holes at the bottom of the pots. Cover the crown of each bulb with a small pot, and the whole with six inches of cinder ashes, coarse sand, or any porous material, leaving them so covered for at least a month, then removing them at intervals, as required, to a cool frame or forcing house. As the leaves expand, place the pots close to the glass; give plenty of air and water, and protect them from frost."

Miscellaneous.

HER LAST LETTER.

'Tis but a line, a hurried scrawl,
And little seem the words to say,
Yet hold me in reproachful thrall:
"You quarrelled with me yesterday;
To-morrow you'll be sad."

Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are few,
And yet they pierce my soul with pain;
Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are true;
They haunt me with prophetic strain:
"To-morrow you'll be sad."

We quarrelled, and for what? a word,
A foolish speech that jarred the ear,
And thus in wrath our pulses stir'd;
Then came her letter: "Dear, my dear,
To-morrow you'll be sad."

Few words! half mirth, and half regret,
The last her hand should ever write—
Sad words! learned long ago, and yet
Fresh with new pain to ear and sight:
"To-morrow you'll be sad!"

—Blanche Lindsay.

THE KAFIRS.

Among the results that had been hoped for from the Afghan war was an accurate knowledge of Kafiristan, the land of mystery, which lies within the late kingdom of the Ameers. Military operations, however, have not brought us within reach of "the black-clad people," as the Kafirs are called, or brought any of them into our camp, so the campaign bids fair to end leaving this truly wonderful country quite unexplored. Dardistan, close by, is also a place of marvels, and its folk-lore would add to Grimm and Anderson a chapter about bear-kings and the Hargian such as would rival any of the legends of the Hartz Mountains or Thuringia. Kafiristan is even more interesting than its neighbor, for it is not only in its fables and myths that this cloud-land is so delightfully mysterious, but in every detail of the life and manners, the looks, dress, food, religion and customs of the people that inhabit it. Who are the Kafirs, and where is their country? If the question were asked of an Afghan of Cabul he would probably answer that they are infidel dogs who live "to the north" of his city, and that their women and children are of such surpassing beauty that the agents of rich cities are always on the lookout for a purchase. The size of their country no one knows exactly, but "the love herb" grows there—a valuable plant, indeed, for whoever possesses it can command the affection of any he pleases—and gold of a very pale color, but pure gold nevertheless, is found in their fields with the maize. They eat little grain, however, for the Kafirs live on cheese and curds, meat and fruits, chiefly the last, which grow wild all over their hills, and their orchards are wonderful. They have no earth in their country to spare, so the "black-clad" build their houses of cakes of cow-dung and sand mixed together; but water they have in abundance, since every hill is divided from the next by a stream, which the people cross by swinging bridges made of creepers. They kill every Mussulman they find within their border and drink his blood; indeed, some of the Kafirs are cannibals. Such in effect would probably be the total amount of an Afghan's knowledge of this large body of his fellow-countrymen, for Kafiristan, partly from its sinister traditions, and the memory of its traditional blood feud with Islam, and partly from the undoubted vindictiveness of the people toward Mohammedans, is a sealed book to the East. A tribe of mountaineers, known as the Nimeha Moslems, who, to suit circumstances and to accommodate themselves to local fashion in religion, are the only true believers on the Mohammedan side of the frontier, and spit at the name of Allah on the Kafir side, act as a means of communication between the "black-clad" and their neighbors; and, were it not for them, it is probable that the Kafirs would never be able to hold any intercourse with the outer world at all.

If the East itself is so ignorant of this remarkable race, and if their next neighbors and reputed kinsmen, the Dards, really know nothing about them, it is not surprising that in the West the Kafir of Afghanistan should be a complete mystery. Who are they? Some say they are Arabs, while others believe them to be Greeks. Nor, remembering how Alexander sowed colonies along the roadside as he went to and returned from India, is such a theory untenable, especially as some of the Mohammedan tribes, once Kafirs, claim European descent. The Kafirs themselves—the Siah Posh, or "black clad," from their wearing black sheepskin coats with the hairy side outward—cannot or will not explain their own origin, for the few who have been "caught" at intervals by inquisitive Englishmen have only made matters worse by cheerfully accepting for themselves any lineage that happened to

be suggested—Arab, Hebrew or Hellenic. Their language, Kalasha, would, it might have been supposed, have given a clew; but here again a difficulty arises, for the Kafirs, in communicating with their neighbors, use a mongrel tongue, of which the vocabulary, as far as it is yet compiled, defies any important philological inferences being drawn from it, through its admixture of several dialects—Persian, Pushtoo, Hindi, and Sanskrit—in varying proportions, with a large percentage of words and idioms, to which no Eastern vernacular offers any analogy. From time to time Oriental scholars have given their attention to this ethnological mystery, and notably, Burnes, Wolfe, Vigne, and Bellew, though without any conclusive results; but Dr. Leitner, of Lahore, has now contributed a further installment of a vocabulary compiled from the lips of Kafirs, two of them being prisoners captured by the Maharajah of Cashmere, in his war with the tribes, beyond the Indus, in 1866, which promises to lay the foundation of something like a sound knowledge of the linguistic eccentricities peculiar to these unknown folk. He, himself, however, has not as yet any pronounced opinion upon their origin.

The people, as we have said, hate the Mohammedans with a surpassing fervor, not only from traditional feuds, but because to this day the Afghans and others carry on a systematic brigandage upon their frontiers, for the purpose of stealing their women and children, who are then sold to the wealthy men of Cabul or Badakshan, Swat, Bajour, and Chitral. On the other hand, they are said to be kindly disposed toward Hindus, and quite ready to accept Englishmen as friends. Native travellers, who have visited them, have come away delighted with their genial hospitality, and struck with their activity of temperament, intelligence, and singularly high standard of morality and ethics. That the Kafirs are brave needs no telling, for they have retained their isolated independence in spite of every effort of every conqueror from Timur downward, and the list of their persecutors has been well-nigh continuous for several centuries, every Mohammedan chief in turn ambitious of becoming a "Ghazi," having at one time or another turned his arms against this infidel colony. In contradiction to some of the compliments that have been paid them, it is stated, and with much truth, against the Kafirs that they are but little, if at all, better than their neighbors in many respects; that their beautiful women do all the hard work of life, while their lords pass their days in singing and drinking and wishing ill to Islam; that they are cruel and treacherous to their Mohammedan neighbors; that their whole social life, its honors and ceremonies, turns upon the slaughter of Mohammedans; and that they worship idols. Apart, however, from their religion, which is no worse than many others, and their hatred of the Moslem, the Kafirs can fairly challenge our sympathy for their bravery and their personal resemblance to European races, while interest is stimulated by the little knowledge we already possess of this supposed remnant of Alexander's army—this fair-eyed people, who claim the Englishman, the detested Feringhi of their neighbors, as a "brother by blood." They alone share with us in all Asia the name more odious than any other in the Moslem East, of "Kafir." This in itself suffices to make us hope that their secret will be cleared up before the savage encroachments of the surrounding tribes annihilate the race of brave men and blue-eyed women "of the North."

ANIMALS AT DIFFERENT HEIGHTS.

Different animals ascend to very different heights. Thus, for example, the orang-outang is confined to the hot and humid coasts of Borneo, while the most snub-nosed of all apes (*Semnopithecus roxallance*) was found by Pere David amid the snowy mountains of Moupin, in Thibet, at an elevation of 9,000 feet, in a region where frost and snow last for several months. Most of the great cats are inhabitants of warm regions only, but the tiger flourishes in the Amoor country in an almost arctic climate. In Europe, the bear is found at an altitude of over 8,000 feet, but the badger does not seem to have been met with above 5,000. The chamois and ibex ascend (in the Alps of Pyrenees) to between the region of trees and the snow line; but the fallow-deer does not extend above 6,000 feet. While the camel is an inhabitant of the plains, the allied American form—the llama—ascends to 18,000 in the Andes, and the Burral sheep of Central Asia bounds along at an altitude of 17,000, where man breathes with difficulty. Although serpents are creatures loving warmth and abounding in both humid forests and arid plains, yet boas ascend the Andes 3,000 feet, and the viper is found in the Alps 5,000 feet above the sea. The greatest height

attained by any large animal seems to be that attained by the great condor vulture, which soars more than 22,000 feet above the sea level. As to the inhabitants of different depths of the ocean we yet know little, as only an infinitesimal portion of its floor, at a greater depth than that of 2,500 fathoms, has been explored. The great ocean area is that of the South Pacific, of which all other oceans and seas may be regarded as diverticula or reaches, the most important being the great off-shoot constituting the Atlantic Ocean. Until a few years ago, the distribution of life beneath the sea's surface was supposed to fade away downward into lifeless, abyssal depths beneath it, answering to lifeless, ice-clad peaks above it. It now appears, however, that there is no depth-limit to life, especially of animal life. No plants, indeed, are known to live at great depths, and 100 fathoms seem practically to limit what is generally understood as vegetation. Animals, however, do live at the lowest depths, though probably in diminished number, both as regards species and individuals. At a depth of 2,000 fathoms the ocean fauna presents much richness and variety.—S. V. G. Mivart, in *Contemporary Review*.

THE SWEDES IN MAINE.

In 1870, the desirability of Scandinavian immigration having been discussed in the Maine Legislature, a commission was appointed to "ascertain what measures, if any, should be adopted by the State to induce settlements upon its unpeopled townships." The commission made a tour of Aroostook county, and finally reported in favor of recruiting a colony of Swedes in Sweden, transporting them to Maine, and permanently settling on the wild lands of the State.

The report provided that an agent should go to Sweden, collect the Swedes, bring them across the water, and locate them on Township No. 15, Range No. 3, of the State's lands. Only such as could pay their own passage from Sweden to Maine were to be received, and on their arrival in Maine each head of a family was to receive one hundred acres of land. On the 23d of March, 1873, the Legislature passed an act authorizing the experiment to be tried, and just four months later to a day the Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., arrived in Northern Maine with a colony of Swedes. There were fifty, all told, and on their arrival upon their reservation, which was christened "New Sweden," they were welcomed by 200 Americans, who escorted them to the five log cabins which had been hastily built for them. This was ten years ago. To day there are 517 Swedes in New Sweden, 210 in Woodland, 25 in Caribou, and 24 in Perham, making 776 in the colony. Though located in four townships, the colony forms one solid block.

These Swedes own farms and buildings valued at \$63,450. Their farm productions in 1879 were valued at \$14,604. They have 2332 acres of improved land. They raised in 1879, 23,000 bushels of potatoes, 8001 bushels of oats, 4967 bushels of rye, 1168 bushels of wheat. They own 154 horses, 82 oxen, 264 cows, 177 calves and 295 sheep. Besides the 776 Swedes in the colony it is believed that there are 250 more scattered over Aroostook county, and about 1000 in other parts of the State, all of whom have been drawn to Maine by the representations of the original colonists. These Swedes are a hard-working, honest and always industrious people, and their only great fault is that they invariably vote the Republican ticket.—*Boston Post*.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Montevideo and Buenos Ayres both lie on the estuary of the Plate, at a distance of about 120 miles; the former near the mouth, on the northern, the latter more inland, on the southern shore. The steamers plying between the two places every night accomplish the voyage in ten to twelve hours. The River Plate, or Rio de la Plata (so called because it was thought to be the highway to rich silver mines), is an estuary formed by the meeting of two great rivers—the Uruguay and the Parana, which, with their many tributaries, bring down to the Atlantic the waters of the Plate region, i. e., of little less than half the Continent of South America; a large watercourse, second only to that of the Amazon, which drains the other half of the same continent, and which flows into the same ocean 2,000 miles to the north of the Plate. The mouth of the Plate, however, is considerably wider than that of the Amazon itself. There are 150 miles between Cape Santa Maria and Cape San Antonio,—the two headlands at its opening,—and there is about the same distance from this opening to the cluster of isles near the confluence of the two rivers, where the estuary begins, the Plate being thus as long as it is wide.

The whole of the Plate region, with all to the west and south of it, belonged in former times to Spain, the boundaries of whose colonies, with the Portuguese possessions of Brazil, had never been even approximately traced. There was on this the eastern side of the Andes a Spanish Viceroyalty of the Plate, with the seat of government at Buenos Ayres, as there was on the other, or western side, a Viceroyalty of Peru, embracing all Chili down to Cape Horn, with the capital at Lima. On the expulsion of the Spaniards, in the early part of this century, the Plate country split up into various territories, parts of which are now known as Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay; but the great bulk of it constitutes the Argentine Republic—a confederacy of 14 provinces or states, of which Buenos Ayres is still the head. A portion of the land lying between the Uruguay and the sea, and bordering on Brazil in the north, became an independent separate State under the name of Republica Oriental del Uruguay, and Montevideo was made its capital. The Argentine Republic, in its present limits, has an area exceeding half a million square miles, with a population of more than two millions. The Republic of Uruguay is only 73,000 square miles in extent, with between 400,000 and 500,000 inhabitants. These statistics, however, do not exactly agree with official measurements; for the claims of these South American States always encroach upon each other's boundaries, and are circumscribed within no definite lines. If we accept official statements, the area of the Argentine Republic is 4,195,500 kilometres—i. e., nearly eight times as large as France; while Uruguay is only about two-thirds the size of Italy. That there may be room for half mankind on the Plate, however, is hardly an exaggeration, and the question is, not as to the vastness of space the region possesses, but as to the chances its various States may have to fill it, and as to their ability to turn it to the best purposes.

Selections.

Experience in religion is beyond notions and expressions. A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.

Closet duty speaks out most sincerity. He prays with a witness who prays without a witness.

Afflictions are but as a dark entry into our Father's house; they are but a dirty lane to a royal palace.

That life is long which answers life's great end; the tree that bears no fruit deserves no name; the man of wisdom is the man of years.—*Young*.

Dr. Judson, the missionary, well said: Planting colleges and filling them with studious young men and women is planting seed corn for the world.

True repentance has a double aspect; it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.—*Robert South*.

Faith is one of those glorious ingredients which must make every sermon and every truth work for the soul's advantage. Nothing will conduce to a believer's good gain, if his graces be asleep.

Deeds are powerful; mere words are weak. Battling at high heaven's door. Let thy love by actions speak; Wipe the tears from sorrow's cheek, Clothe the poor.

Peace, peace, Look for its bright increase; Deepening, widening, year by year, Like a sunlit river, strong, calm and clear; Lean on His love through this earthly vale, For His word and His work shall never fail, And He is "our peace."

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

God's agency does not exclude nor supersede our instrumentality. He gives the increase, but Paul must plant and Apollos water. He furnishes the wind, but we are to spread the sails. He gives, but we gather. Prayers and diligence, dependence and activity, harmonize in the Scriptures, and are only inconsistent in the crudeness of ignorant and foolish men.—*Wm. Jay*.

Science and Art.

The inventor of a new telephone, just tried at Mans, France, says that it will convey sound across the Atlantic.

The French society for the encouragement of national industries offers a prize of 1,000 francs for an essay on the tools employed in America in the manufacture of watches.

THROWING NEW LIGHT ON VESUVIUS.—A new light has been thrown upon Vesuvius. On Friday evening the first experiment of lighting the upper part of the volcano by electric light was tried, and succeeded marvelously. The spectacle was weird and surprising. The contrast between the red glare from the burning lava and the pale illumination of the electric light was strange indeed. A journey from Rome to the summit of Vesuvius—the cone of which is now rendered accessible to all by the funicular railway—is one of the most popular of pleasure excursions. The terrors of a night journey up the mountain when in eruption are now reduced to a minimum, and travelers may henceforward pass the night on the cone without special fatigue.—*Catholic Standard*.

A complete list of articles made of paper would be a very curious one, and almost every day it becomes so, not only in this country, but also in Europe. For example, among the things exhibited at the late Berlin Exposition,

were paper buckets, "bronzes," urns, asphalt roofing, water-cans, carpets, shirts, whole suits of clothes, jewelry, materials for garden walks, window curtains, lanterns and pocket handkerchiefs. The most striking of the many objects exhibited in this material was, perhaps, a fire-stove with a cheerful fire burning in it. We have from time to time noted the announcements of newly invented railway carriages and carriage wheels, chimney-pots, flour-barrels, cottage walls, roofing tiles, and bricks and dies for stamping, all made of paper. A material capable of so many uses, so very diversified in character, is obviously destined to play a very important part in our manufacturing future. Articles of this kind, which have just now, perhaps, the greatest interest, and which are among the latest novelties in this way, are paper "blankets." Attention has frequently been called to the value of ordinary sheets of paper as a substitute for bed-clothes, or, at least, as an addition to bed-clothes. The idea seems to have suggested the fabrication of "blankets" from this cheap material, and if all that is said of them is true, they ought to be extensively used. For the extremely indigent they ought to be a great boon, and it is in their favor, perhaps, that they can not, of course, be so durable as ordinary woolen or cotton goods. The bedding of many of the poor can not but be productive of much sickness and disease, and a very cheap material that will last only a comparatively short time must be better than durable articles that are rarely if ever washed. The value of an introduction of this kind for charitable purposes just at the commencement of what may possibly prove another long winter, may be considered to take these new blankets rather out of the ordinary list of goods on the market, and to justify a special reference to them.—*Scientific News*.

Personal.

Anthony Comstock has been lecturing at Saratoga on Impure Literature.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," "Tom Brown at Oxford," etc., is in this country.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks preached before Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor on a recent Sunday, and was the Queen's guest at the Castle from Saturday to Monday.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, at the request and expense of the Government, has recently gathered up and taken to the Indian Training School at Carlisle, Pa., a party of Pueblo children from New Mexico.

Cyrus H. McCormick, Esq., whose liberality has already been extended to the Northwestern Seminary at Chicago on so large a scale, proposes to add to his gifts \$50,000 more, if an equal amount is contributed from other sources.

The Archbishop of Baltimore is about to return to America. There are men who remember when the Archbishop was a young clerk in a grocery store in New Orleans and was known as "Jimmy Gibbons," a very honest boy, who rolled the sugar barrels and tied the flour packages with greater conscientiousness than usually belongs to grocery clerks.

Items of Interest.

A manuscript of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, written on purple parchment in silver ink and adorned with miniatures, was recently discovered in Calabria by Messrs. O. von Gebhardt and A. Harnack.

The Prussian Government, it is said, are seriously thinking of abolishing civil marriages. They profess to be shocked at the wide and rapid spread of irreligion and rationalism, and consider that some step like that contemplated is necessary to recall the people to a sense of their religious duties.

A bill now before the Legislature of Massachusetts provides a penalty of a fine of not more than \$300 and an imprisonment in jail not exceeding three months for offering for sale, or having in possession with intent to sell, any wall-papers, wrapping paper, or card-board, or any article intended for wearing apparel, furniture, or domestic use, containing a perceptible trace of arsenic or any arsenical substance.

On the last bank holiday in London the commissariat statistics of the Alexandra Palace included for the hunger and thirst of excursionists 22 tons of meal, 12 van loads of salad, 7 tons of potatoes, 42,000 loaves and 60,000 buns, which were washed down with 42,480 bottles of wine, spirits, ale and stout, 350 barrels of ale, 9000 bottles of lemonade, and 80,000 cups of tea.

A day's journey through New Jersey reveals a crop of fruit such as is rarely seen. There is hardly an orchard or fruit garden that does not show a forest of props under the heavily laden branches. This is "apple year," and the yield is enormous. The fruit is perfect in size and flavor. Many of the harvest varieties are being gathered. They bring only seventy-five cents a barrel after being taken to market. The crab apples crowd each other so closely that the foliage of the trees in some cases hidden.—*Newark Journal*.

The Marquis Tseng, the Chinese plenipotentiary, when he arrived at Berlin the other day, went through some odd courtesies with Li-Fong-Pao, the Chinese Ambassador to Germany. On arriving at the hotel the two gentlemen began their formal Asiatic salutations. They folded their hands, fell on their knees, and threw themselves on the ground without stretched arms. The members of the two Embassies saluted each other in the same manner, and then they all exchanged their visiting cards, which are strips of red paper a foot long and half a foot broad.

The unfavorable weather of last summer in Germany and France has, among other causes, contributed to stimulate very considerably the export wine trade of Italy. The consumption of Italian wines abroad, however, was even previously largely on the increase. Thus, while the quantity exported from the Peninsula during the first quarter of 1877 was only 97,075 hectolitres, it rose to 145,866 in the same period in 1878, and increased to 201,663 hectolitres in the first three months of 1879. For the corresponding period of 1880 the quantity exported has shot up nearly 150 per cent. further, the returns showing that in that period no less than 491,311 hectolitres of Italian wines were sent abroad. The hectolitre contains 264 gallons.

The Messenger.

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Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. C. U. HEILMAN,
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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1880.

IS IT TRUE?

Frequent inquiries among the substantial laymen of the Church—not the constitutional fault finders, but the acknowledged friends and supporters of the pastors, bring the testimony that the limited circulation of our Church papers is due to the indifference of the pastors themselves.

We make this statement after four years of close observation, and with proper regard to the fact that there are honorable exceptions to the rule. "Our people know very little of our 'Publication' interests; they are never brought before our congregation in any general way, and they are not urged by our minister in his intercourse with families, in such manner as to lead any one to suppose that much advantage accrues from them." Such assertions, we repeat, come from the best elders and deacons of the Church, who seem themselves to have been awakened to a sense of duty, not from anything their pastors have said to them, but by startling facts forced upon them by the private members of the Church.

The true cause of all this is not hostility to the more public interests of the Church, but to what we have called mere indifference—a want of appreciation of some things which has led ministers to drop down to a merely negative position in regard to them. This, again, grows out of the fact that merely local concerns seem vastly more important than anything that takes in the wider range of Christianity. The repairing of a church building, for instance, is to many, of greater importance than the cause of missions, and they think no funds should be expended on the latter until the former has been fully provided for.

As a law, this short sighted policy is always disastrous, as it limits the horizon and gives no scope to Christian benevolence. Sometimes the view of the pastor has been so contracted that he has felt that everything given to any object outside of his congregation has been taken away from his own immediate work and ease if not from his own purse.

We might enlarge on this subject and show the disastrous effects of such narrow-mindedness—that in every instance, when the cause of Education, Missions, or anything else has been suppressed, the people have so partaken of the mind of the minister that he has been reduced to the position of a mendicant in the end; but time and space will not allow this.

We boldly assert, however, as far as Church papers are concerned, that they have always been the best allies of ministers; that the most intelligent and faithful members in any community have always taken and paid for them, and that if their influence were withdrawn the people would settle back to an indifference in regard to home concerns which would be truly appalling.

We wish pastors would think of this matter. We can speak of it more freely now because the subscription list of the MESSENGER is steadily increasing, and the paper will come out all right if time is allowed for its proper growth.

We may add a word here in regard to the more general enterprises of the Church. Many persons, even pastors, are so engrossed with their local concerns, that they think Colleges, Theological Seminaries, Orphans' Homes, Boards of Missions, Newspapers, etc., are only the individual interests of those

having charge of them. There never was a greater mistake. These things concern the whole Church, and upon their success, depends not only the enlargement of our denominational work, but that expansion of personal character and influence which will tell with true effect in the limited field of operation.

WHAT CAN BE DONE.

Anent the above, every day's observation helps to convince us, that the MESSENGER could be put upon a firm financial basis, if ministers were only alive to duty, and to their self-interest. The success of our earnest agent, is owing in large part to the co-operation of pastors. The people are willing, as witness the fact that recently at Delmont, where Rev. Good has charge, every family asked, subscribed for the paper. If Clarion, St. Paul's, Allegheny and Somerset Classes, do as well as Westmoreland has done, our list in the Pittsburgh Synod will be more than doubled. This Synod is now to be thoroughly canvassed.

The financial success of the paper is, however, a mere means to an end. It is not the object of our Publication Board to make money, but to promote piety and intelligence through the instrumentality of the press, and our ministers should see to it that this institution is properly sustained. It pays.

SENTIMENTAL.

We took occasion to call attention some time ago to the large proportion of "dog and cat" literature that seems to prevail, in what is now written for the young. Almost every pictorial paper now-a-days abounds in accounts of canine sagacity, etc., written around electrotypes, and affecting to draw lessons of morality from animal nature. This has helped to create a kind of sentimental regard for dumb brutes, which could hardly be excited in some minds in favor of human beings.

We see it stated that a notice is posted in the office of the Stockton House at Cape May, to the effect, that "guests accompanied by dogs will be charged \$10 per week extra." The cause of this notice was the following order received by the caterer of the hotel last week: "Please send to room No. 800, for my dear little Jupiter, one tenderloin steak very rarely broiled, a cold chicken wing, and a pint of new milk."

We do not doubt the truth of this, as we have it upon undoubted authority that, at one of the sea-shore resorts, a "poodle"—the favorite of a deceased master—has a special waiting-maid to attend to it. We wonder what the owner would say if asked to contribute something to send sick children out of this hot city, to get a little fresh, invigorating air.

THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS.

The Emersonian Philosophers have had another session in the Orchard House, at Concord. They do not pretend to favor a religious school, but simply a school of Philosophy, and their "trend," as it has been called, is to reopen the general subject of the relief of humanity from the environment of sin, and see whether that may not be effected as easily by some ethical system as by the grace brought to us in Christ Jesus. The Ephraims are tired of what seems to be a moral drought, and have gone up to Carmel to look for some cloud which, though not bigger than a man's hand, may promise a refreshing rain.

They are agnostics, trying to solve the agnosticism which follows in the wake of materialism and is the statement of its ethical bearings. "Whether it comes from the wild freedom of men who are ignorant of spiritual truth, or the doubtful feeling to what is beyond the knowable, it is the strong conviction in certain sections that nothing beyond the bounds of human experience is to be trusted." It is affirmed that Mr. Mallock, one of their ablest essayists, has probed these teachings and shown their hopelessness in solving the questions of life, but it is not pretended that he has presented a positive side of experience.

The effort has been to let the light of Plato shine in upon modern thought—to grasp the great principles which underlie the "world-war" side of religion and "translate them into the life of our own times, with such modifications as the times demand."

These speculators go back to an un-Christian, pagan standpoint, and wish to solve the problem without the Christ of God. This will all be vain, and the expectation that this school will be able to evolve a "religion" for America, because some of its members have given tone to American literature, is doomed to disappointment. Faith in God revealed in the Scriptures, and manifested in the flesh, is the only true starting-point.

"THAT IS THE QUESTION?"

There is a great deal in the tendency of the times to recall the magnificent soliloquy of Hamlet:

"To be, or not to be," etc.

The effort to do away with eternal punishment, is synonymous with the effort to do away with future accountability; or, in other words, it is an attempt to rid continuance in sin of its final consequences.

The current *Blackwood's Magazine* in commenting upon the great increase of suicide, imputes it to the weakening of religious conviction which for some time has been going on throughout Europe. It asserts that the yearly average of European suicides has now attained the appalling figure of 60,000, and there can be no doubt, making due allowance for the defective statistics of former years that self destruction has increased in an especially terrible ratio among the nations and in the cities where what is known as "free thinking" is most rife, and where it is most consistently accompanied by free living.

We cannot wonder at this. Take away the hereafter, and men will not scruple to "end woes and all" with a "bare bodkin."

CRAPE ON THE CITY DOOR.

There it is, muffling the knocker just across the way. Where are your old pastoral intuitions that once led you to inquire into the case? Well! the pastoral oversight was formerly in a community where everybody knew and felt an interest in everybody else, and where every one was trusted. It was not in a big city, where even the death of an individual is presumed to be nobody's business except that of immediate relations and friends.

We were once impelled, by feeling and by old habits, to inquire after a case of evident affliction. There had been some evidence of sickness in a neighboring house. The keeper of the store looked as if there was distress in his dwelling, in the rear of his sales-room. The physician's buggy had stopped every day, and at last one morning there was crape on the door.

We went to ask, not what it meant; for we knew that, but whether we could do anything for the afflicted ones. To our surprise, the proffer was met with suspicion. The head of the house came out and said in so many words, that grief should not be intruded upon. He asked, with a queer look, who had sent us, and told us that at the last burial from his house, some one had made himself conspicuous by his attentions. The friends thought he represented the undertaker, and the undertaker thought he was a friend of the family. A few days afterwards, the same individual presented the bill for burial expenses, received the pay, and then "jumped" the city, leaving the poor father to square the account a second time.

"Who is your minister?" we asked. "Have none," was the reply. "Don't belong to any 'Society,' though we think there is good in all. Never was much for Church, and would prefer the Odd Fellows to say the service."

The intimation was that people had better not come until they were sent for, and so we have feared to intrude again. "You need not be crying; it's none of your funeral"—that is a representative expression, in places so large, that good offices are often suspected, when proffered

in good faith. It is sad to think, that while the well-known are duly attended and there is every disposition to be kind to the stranger that is within the gates, there are places where men must yet be cautious in offering or accepting the ministrations of mercy.

A QUESTIONABLE METHOD.

The *Salvation News*, the "official gazette of the Salvation Army," has an article which protests against making "religion ridiculous," and yet the paper gives the following notices:

VICTORY OR DEATH.

(Welcome All.)

On Sept 1st, Capt. Shirley will (D. V.) begin to fight this all-important battle of soul saving, in the large Market House on 12th and Columbia Ave. Opening engagement at 8 o'clock, P. M. Re engagements every evening same time and place until further notice. The Captain is glad to say his meeting on and after the 1st of September will be on the ground floor.

A GRAND RALLY.

Capt. Shirley, the Officer in charge of Salvation meetings now held in Athletic Hall, on 13th above Jefferson, desires to notify the people of the city of Philadelphia, that the closing of his labors in above Hall will (D. V.) be celebrated by a public Tea-meeting at 5 o'clock, P. M., on Monday, the 31st of August. After tea a grand demonstration on Broad and Berks, from whence the Army will adjourn to the above Hall, where a renewed attack will be made by it on its opposing force. Sharp fighting to commence at 8 P. M. Nothing but artillery used. Officers and others from every station near the city are expected to engage. Tickets for tea may be had at Athletic Hall any night after 8 P. M., up to 31st inst., also at headquarters, 45 S. Third St., and many members.

ROCKETS.

Jesus Christ saved several hard cases last week. He is able to save more of the same sort. Tell everybody. The English Army has now nearly 250 officers and cadets. 113 of these are men. The Knights Templars went to Chicago last week. They were all in uniform. Their banners were displayed in every street. More than \$100,000 was spent on the display. Everybody was pleased to join in, or look on at it all. Why are people so frightened to wear uniform for Jesus?

PRIVATE—ATTENTION.

Privates are invited to send in without delay, any contributions they may feel inclined to make to our columns in the shape of stories of your conversion, poetry of your own composition, set to tunes that are popular. Accounts of victory from each station. Descriptions of religious experience. Scenes of dying triumph. Cases of sudden and awful death. Any newspapers containing a notice of the army, will be especially valued. But be sure not to send anything if you will be offended should it not appear in print.

A writer who professes to be "On the Stump for Jesus," at Franklin, Pa., gives these headings to his article, which by the way, are given under an adapted wood cut picturing one young man cornering another about his soul: *The Great Religious Boom—Sermon Topics—The Fount of Religion Floweth Freely—Salvation for All—Wholesale Riot.*

In speaking of General Raiton's work, he says:

"Men are not believers and atheists, but those who have madly dashed themselves, a foolish, useless wave, against the great rock of the Omnipotent will. General Raiton's argument is simple, logical and truthful; it seems to have a telling effect on his new followers, who have awakened to a new life in the Christian faith, of which they are earnest followers. They vividly paint the tricky demon that surely has the world's government reins in his fiendish hands; some demon who delights in thwarting men's plans, in inventing new and ingenious diseases to rack the poor patient bodies of humanity. He seems to be opposed to the idea of high spire Christianity, and wishes his followers to take that simple, great, good, old-fashioned and eloquent Book which tells that 'the fashion of this world passeth away.' Never, through all the monotonous self-repeating centuries during which this globe has gone lumberingly round the sun, has there been an instance of instinct misleading any of the creatures in which it has been planted; and as surely as

some inner voice whispers to the swallows, telling when it is time for them to go flying home across the foaming, green sea, to the sunlit spring trees of balmy England, so surely does some higher instinct, proportioned to the higher, nobler nature of men, bid us plume our wings for a flight when life's winter is over to some distant spring-land, where great melody and sweet, everlasting health are awaiting us; some land where "all crooked things are made straight and all rough places be made smooth."

We do not question the honesty of these Christian soldiers, but they certainly daub the walls of Zion with untempered mortar. The last sentence is "high-flown" enough; it may seem to the author to be sublime, but the truths of Christianity comport with common sense, and will hardly be promoted by such slang. The \$100,000 (?) spent on a "display" of religious pyrotechnics, we submit might have been put to a better use, for the cause of Christ.

THE GUARDIAN.

The September number of this monthly opens with the usual editorial notes, which will furnish the reader with a considerable variety of pleasant reading. These are followed by an article from the Editor on "Old New England." It brings up to view many of the peculiar customs of a former age, some of which are strangely in contrast with those which prevail at the present time. Edwin A. Gernant continues his interesting series of articles under the general caption of "Over Land and Sea." The present one is entitled "Uncle Sam Abroad." "The Leafy Closet of Prayer," "A Last Look," "What Royal Children Do," and a few other miscellaneous articles, fill out the literary department.

The Sunday-School department is introduced with a few miscellaneous items, but is mainly filled out with the usual Scripture Lessons, and accompanying comments, the unoccupied spaces between which contain a variety of interesting miscellaneous matter. The whole number is one of considerable interest, and will doubtless meet with a welcome reception from its numerous patrons.

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Notes and Quotes.

The New York *Tribune* says, "that the verdict of the religious press in respect to Tanner's triumph seems to be that Christianity can stand it, and that there is a vacancy for the next fool who wants to be talked about."

The New York *Observer* respectfully suggests to those, who go to Coney Island on Sabbath to attend preaching, "that they may have as good preaching much nearer home, and not have their religious meditations during the day disturbed by the presence of fifty thousand people, who have a different object in view."

The London *Weekly*'s only apprehension in regard to the coming Pan-Presbyterian Council is, that the "Tea-party" element may prevail. It says: "Our chief fear arises from the possible effects of that super-abounding American hospitality, which is apt to promote pleasure rather than business. It is for the shrewdness and good sense of our American friends to prevent the attentions they show to their guests from interfering with the energetic discharge of the great duties that will devolve on all the members of Council, whether they are the entertained or the entertainers."

This bit of irony is passing current among the jokes of the season:—An anxious father was consulting one of the Wall street magnates as to what business he should put his son to. "My boy, sir," said he, "has had a first-rate education and is remarkably truthful." "I don't see much good in that," said the Wall street man, jingling the double eagles in his breeches pocket; "none of the successful men I know are truthful. Better make your boy an apothecary;

that's the only business I know of, where deceit does not pay in the long run."

The underlying sentiment here ridiculed, is that trickery is the only golden path to success. The maxim is, of course, false, as hundreds of cases are showing us. Those who adopt the theory, that honesty is to be practiced only because it is the best "policy," may change their base of operations, if policy leads them to some other course, but issuing bogus stock is as likely to end disastrously as putting up false prescriptions.

Bishop Lyman, in his Convention address, says: "So long as contributions to sustain Church services are regarded as charities, and not as debts owed to the Almighty, so long will men be ever curtailing them within narrower and still narrower limits, while pleading poverty as an excuse for not doing better. And I firmly believe that prosperity, even in temporal things, will not be largely enjoyed by any people who systematically rob God of His dues, and presume to use what He claims as His portion of our substance for their own private purposes. 'Will a man rob God? yet ye have robbed Me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings.' Of all the fruits of our labors God claims His portion, and that portion we may not withhold without exposing ourselves to the heavy judgment of the Almighty."

The *Independent* indulges in this parody, under which it sets forth the creed of modern philosophers:

"I believe in the chaotic Nebula, self-existent Evolver of Heaven and Earth, and in the differentiation of its original homogeneous Mass, its first-begotten Product, which was self-formed into separate worlds; divided into land and water; self-organized into plants and animals; reproduced in like species; further developed into higher orders; and finally refined, rationalized, and perfected in Man. He descended from the Monkey, ascended to the Philosopher, and sitteth down in the rites and customs of Civilization, under the laws of a developing Sociology. From thence he shall come again, by the disintegration of the culminated Heterogeneousness, back to the original Homogeneousness of Chaos.

I believe in the wholly impersonal Absolute, the wholly un-Catholic Church, the Disunion of the Saints, the Survival of the Fittest, the Persistence of Force, the Dispersion of the Body, and in Death Everlasting."

Among the Exchanges.

The *Sunday School Times* has some pertinent comments on this common fault. It says:

Irritability is a state of mind into which almost everybody falls, or is tempted to fall, at one time or another; and it threatens the best and brightest people more often than those who are dull and apathetic. But no one has a right to think that nervous irritability, or even genuine prostration from overwork or worry, affords a good excuse for petulance or ill-temper. Anybody can be gentle and winning when nothing tempts him to be otherwise—when mind, and body, and all outward circumstances, are bright and sunny. But the time when everything seems to go wrong, when the brain is weary and the patience overtaxed, is the very time when we ought to keep our temper, and our words and deeds, under strictest control. If the surly words spring to the lips, and the unkind act makes all around us unhappy, we have no right to claim exemption from the charge of being both ill-tempered and wicked, merely because we have been strongly tempted so to be. The time to measure our strength of character and gentleness of disposition—or at any rate our ability to rule our spirits—is when weariness within and annoyances without beset us most strongly.

A correspondent of the *Southport Times* comes out in defence of the American Press, and thinks it is not only better than that of other nations, but that its standard is being elevated every day. It says:

The influence of newspapers for good is generally acknowledged, though many thinking people stoutly deny it. For instance, a strong writer, an English lady, in the present number of *Scribner's Magazine*, says: "I know hardly a city paper, and certainly no country paper, which is not conducted on the lowest intellectual principles. American newspapers, with a few exceptions, are contemptible, and if you find one page free from triviality, vulgarity, or sensationalism, the omission is fully made up elsewhere." This statement, from its dignified placing, is entitled to respectful consideration, and will possibly have weight in encouraging opinions adverse to the press influence for good; and therefore the conscientious American editor

should protest against such wholesale accusation. That the lady supports her arraignment with logic gathered from a very slender experience, we think can be easily shown. On our table are four representative American journals, wholly free from either "triviality, vulgarity, or sensationalism;" and we believe there are at least four hundred others equally above the contempt of our fair cousin.

At the same time we must own that these three evils are too apparent in many of our papers, though hardly to such an extent as to render them "contemptible." In a somewhat extensive reading of the general press, we are inclined to rate the *morale* of our publications higher than that of the French or German, and certainly as high as the English; yet there is abundant room for improvement, and we hope that our lady critic will live to enjoy that millennium of journalism when these three special ills shall no longer excite her contempt.

Editors admit to their columns much of questionable material to please certain classes of readers, and so sell their papers; but there is reason to believe that the demand for such material is on the wane. In the old times of mythology, that winged messenger of the gods, Mercury, gave the title to the news-sheets, and with our own press it is still a familiar heading. Mercury was the god of commerce and gain, but was also identified with Hermes, who presided over eloquence, skill, and prudence. Let us hope that no cheapening influence of a commercial nature will exclude the newspaper of the future from a similar identification.

John Dyer, speaking in the *Penn Monthly*, pays this tribute to the "American Pulpit:"

Even those who are not active in the membership of any church, must recognize the great and growing importance of the education of the ministry who are to fill the pulpits of the churches. The American ministry, in spite of the efforts of the newspapers to tempt its members to exchange wholesome influence for morbid notoriety, are a power in the land, whose use for the best ends is a matter of interest to every public-spirited citizen. It is true that the American people are very generally free from the tendency to ascribe a social and moral weight to a minister or priest, because of his ordination or consecration. They expect a man to pass for just what he is worth, and not, like a new silver dollar, for what some other authority has stamped on him. But the American ministry, as a rule, will stand this test. They make themselves felt in society and in public life. They are recognized as worthy leaders in great social reforms. They weigh more than they count in society. Their fellow men recognize in them an order of more than usual earnestness and devotion,—men whose master-wish is to do the right thing and to see righteousness prevail.

Not only are they a superior class, but their position fits them to bring their powers to bear on society. The pulpit, as Mr. Carlyle says in *Past and Present*, is a vantage ground whose greatness even its occupants do not appreciate. It is a point from which a man may speak from the heart to the heart as nowhere else in this world. And where it is made the channel of really thoughtful and earnest utterance, by a man born for the work, no greater engine for civilization and enlightenment can be imagined. It is not possible to claim that it is always, or even ordinarily, so used. Those whose experience in this regard have been the happiest, can probably recall no drearier hours in their lives than some they spent under "the droppings of the sanctuary;" and great is the number of ministers whose vocation must be a secret between themselves and heaven,—a secret into which other men have never been admitted. But after all deductions have been made, the pulpit remains a unique instrument for the moral purification of society. The Press is sometimes disposed to claim that it has superseded some of the pulpit's functions; but the claim cannot be substantiated. Just in so far as it does its own work well, the newspaper must reflect society in a broad, indiscriminate way, whose constant contemplation tends rather to depress than to elevate the moral nature of the majority of readers. It is the pulpit's privilege to deal with life not less truthfully, but yet more discriminately, to insist on those aspects of it of which our moral remissness tends to make us oblivious, and to emphasize righteousness as the great end for which all this complex hurly-burly exist. It can turn men's thoughts away from the details to the great central realities of human existence. It can divert their minds from the make-shift and incorrect standards of human judgment, to that perfect standard by which all acts are finally appraised. It can set itself against low and Mammonish ideals of success, and call upon men to live for the great unselfish ends of human welfare. All this the pulpit can do, and in some measure has done. It is among the under-valued agencies of society, whose vast worth we should begin to discover in the great losses which would follow its removal.

Communications.

VACATION REFLECTIONS.

The school-boy longs for, and hails with joy, his vacation days. They are seasons when he lays by his books, studies and cares, and seeks to regale himself and recruit his wasted strength and energies. Home, friends and enjoyment take the place of former cares and anxieties. In somewhat of scenes like these the pastor looks forward to his vacation season. It was an agreeable surprise when, on the first of August, my consistory informed me I might have a month's vacation. By it, they meant a month's rest from the cares, duties, responsibilities and anxieties of the pastoral office. Consequently, I tried to divest myself of all these, and said to the partner of my cares and toil, "Let us improve this allotted space of time in a visit to our old former parish in Columbia county, Pa." So early in the morning we started for the cars, having to make the most of the day in travel, and seeking to make all connections, so as to reach our journey's end at night. But had we been properly informed as to these connections, we could have taken a noon train just as well as a morning one, and been too at our destination at the same time, and saved four hours detention at a railroad station, which is not pleasant. We learned, however, more forcibly the truth of the adage, "Learn to make haste slowly." Our way led us up the banks of the Susquehanna from Harrisburg, whose pleasant scenery, with which we were formerly

familiar, now, after an absence of fifteen years, seemed to have peculiar interest and charms for us. Nearing Bloomsburg, where we labored in the gospel for twelve years, we occasionally met a familiar face in the cars. Soon we were lodged in the hospitable home of an aged mother in Israel, whose hospitality we had so often enjoyed while pastor. We, like old friends do, spoke of the changes which time has made during our absence. Soon the old pastor's arrival became known. One little boy of eleven years, whom we had never seen, saw us alight from the omnibus, and went home and said, "Pa I saw a man come to town who looks like that picture on the wall." It must have been a good picture, for the boy was not mistaken in his man. The evening was spent in social conversation with former friends. A good night's rest, and the next day was spent in calls and calling. We took in the evening, with a few select friends, a stroll in the Rosehill Cemetery, which we had taken some interest in fitting up as the abode of the dead some twenty years ago. Solemn were our thoughts as we went through the avenues and read inscriptions, till twilight admonished us of other calls, on the graves of those we had buried, and many buried since by others, whom we had fondly anticipated meeting in the flesh again. To us it was a profitable sermon on the changes time is making on our race and upon all things. The thought impressed us that death had been in its work no respecter of persons, for here were the aged and the young, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, with their respective tombstones marking their last resting-place.

But twilight admonished me of an invitation to attend the reception given to the newly-elected pastor of the Bloomsburg charge, Rev. O. H. Strunck, and his family. Accordingly, we repaired to the house, which we found full of members, who had come with their donations and smiles to greet the new pastor and his family; but the old one came in quite unexpectedly for his share of the festivities of the evening. After greetings and social conversation, speeches, prayer and singing, we parted only the more fully to know the meaning of the article in our creed, "I believe in the communion of saints." Sabbath comes, and, instead of the new one, the old is to do the work for this Lord's day. We begin, with an address to the Sunday School, which is in a prosperous condition, and included many we had baptized and confirmed. Next, the pastor's child was to be baptized at the opening service in the church. We then preached in the morning in town, and in the afternoon at Hiller's, and in Bloomsburg again at night—a good rest for a pastor on a vacation tour. But we hope we were more than repaid by the large audiences present and their deep interest in the services, and the privilege it afforded us in preaching to our old charge, and confirming and encouraging those in the faith with whom we walked together to the house of God in former years. One little girl, being told by her aunt, with whom she came to church, that we had married her mother, looked up in her aunt's face in the midst of the sermon, and whispered, "Does he look like he did when he married mamma?" We did not hear the innocent question, which manifested her interest in us, but were told it, and would answer her question, Yes, but some twenty years older and nearer our eternal home.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Board met in the city of Harrisburg Aug. 19th and took into consideration important business connected with the Mission at Tokio, Japan.

The first annual report of the missionary, Rev. Ambrose D. Gring was received and approved. It was ordered to be published in the papers of the Church, and will be furnished for publication at as early date as possible. The financial report of the Mission was audited and approved.

The purchase of the property, accompanied with a copy of the contract, title deed, &c., was found to be in proper form. We have now a permanent home for our Mission, eligibly located, and susceptible of enlargement. It is a desirable property, and purchased for \$3000 less than its original cost. The missionaries of other Churches located in Tokio consider it very cheap, and if we had not concluded to purchase, would have secured it even if required to pay \$1000 advance. Its cost is \$4000.

It is desirable that the price should be paid without encroaching upon the funds now in hand, or the regular current receipts. The Board authorized a committee consisting of the President, Treasurer and Secretary, to design and publish a certificate, embellished with a picture of the missionary and his wife, to be given to any who may wish to contribute to this purpose. There is no doubt but that the amount can be easily raised in this manner. Due notice will be given when they are ready.

Arrangements were made to secure a charter, act of incorporation, and a constitution and by-laws for the future government of the Board. A number of letters from the missionary were read, abstracts of which will be published. The meeting was interesting, and all present were grateful at the progress made, while at the same time they see that success is only to be assured by persistent effort, earnest application and untiring labor. These, accompanied by faith, prayer and sacrifice will receive the blessing of God, and we, too, as a Church, will have part in converting the world.

T. S. JOHNSTON,
Secretary.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The ministers and delegates from nearly all of the Reformed Sunday Schools of Somerset Classis met in convention at Stoytown, Somerset county, Pa., on Wednesday evening, Aug. 18th. The sessions of the Convention were characterized by considerable earnestness and interest, and were continued over Thursday forenoon and afternoon to the evening, when they were closed with a sermon by Rev. C. U. Heilmann from the text, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Various topics of interest were discussed, and before the Convention adjourned the following resolutions with reference to them were adopted:

Resolved, That the sense of this Convention with reference to the various topics debated, as gathered from the discussions, is materially the following:

First. The aim of the Sunday School should be to impart instruction in the facts, truths and doctrines of our holy religion, to co-operate with parents and the pastor in the religious culture of the children, and, ultimately, to prepare the children for full communion with the Church.

Second. The catechetical method of questions and answers, with a discerning use of the oral or lecture method and of object teaching, is productive of much good. A prime requisite is that teachers have a sense of their responsibility, and be actuated by earnest love for their work, and so do it as unto the Lord and not unto men.

Third. Whilst libraries should have a place in the Sunday School, and may do great good, the circulation of periodicals will be productive of greater results, and is preferable, especially for the youth of the Sunday School.

Fourth. The consistory of the congregation should choose the superintendent and the superintendent appoint the teachers; provided, that the consistory take active interest in the Sunday School. If not, then the pastor should appoint the superintendent and the superintendent the teachers.

Fifth. We can keep up an interest in the Sunday School on the part of parents, teachers and pupils by ourselves manifesting earnestness in our work and love for it; by infusing life into our schools as far as we are able by our own diligence and zeal; and by imparting the interest we here feel in Sunday School work to our schools by telling them of what is said and done in these conventions.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

A correspondent of the *Reading Eagle* furnishes some interesting facts in reference to Samuel L. Boyer, an aged organist, residing at the Swamp churches in New Hanover township, Montgomery county, Pa. We remember him as the organist at Amity, Berks county, Pa., where he was born and reared, and commenced his career as organist at the age of nineteen. Though seventy years of age, his voice is still rich and powerful, and he wields the organ with agility and grace. He also teaches music, and, at the same time, works his own farm. It is said, that for the last twenty-seven consecutive years, he has cut all his own grass and grain, the product of sixteen acres. Verily he has learned the secret of carrying his youth into his old age. During his long professional life he has officiated at more than four thousand funerals, in addition to the regular services of the sanctuary.

THE POTOMAC SYNOD.

Collections for benevolent purposes were taken up in the Sulphur Spring charge, Cumberland county, Pa. Rev. G. E. Addams, pastor, in connection with the recent harvest sermons. They amounted to \$100. Collections were also taken up in the charge for the relief of the congregation at Milton, Pa., which netted \$34.80. The membership in the whole charge aggregate only one hundred and seventy-five members. Eighteen of this number are building a new church at Bloersville, which it is proposed to dedicate to the worship of God sometime in October next.

WESTERN CHURCH.

A new church has recently been erected at Smoketown, Ohio, in the Navarre charge, of which the Rev. J. S. Stoner is pastor. It was dedicated to the worship of God on the 8th of August in the midst of appropriate services, in which the pastor was assisted by several brethren from abroad. The attendance was very large, and the services more than usually interesting. There was no occasion to take up a collection towards the payment of the expenses incurred, as these had all been previously provided for.

A new congregation was recently organized at Fulton, Ohio, by the Rev. J. V. Lerch, and arrangements have also been made for the erection of a church. It seems that the interest of the Reformed Church was strongly represented in earlier years in that place, but was allowed to die out. The present movement is a promising revival of that interest, as some sixty members have entered into the new organization.

F.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the consistory of the Mt. Moriah Reformed church, of Washington Co., Md., convened on the 21st of August, 1880, the following paper was adopted as a tribute of respect to the memory of Deacon Samuel A. Stonebraker, who departed this life Aug. 1st, 1880:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His wisdom, to call from our midst Deacon Samuel A. Stonebraker; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, this congregation has been called to surrender one of its most faithful and useful members.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish in pleasing memory and with devout gratitude to the God of all grace, the genial, Christian spirit and many virtues of our departed brother.

Resolved, That as a consistory tender our sincere condolence to the bereaved family and friend, and invoke in their behalf the sustaining grace and consolation of our covenant God.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and be published in the MESSENGER.

DAVID M. SCHNEBLY,
Secretary.

PITTSBURGH BOARD OF MISSIONS.

A meeting of the Board of Missions of Pittsburgh Synod will be held in Grace church, Pittsburgh, Sept. 9th, 1880.

All the members of the Board are urgently requested to be present.

All the missionaries within the bounds of Pittsburgh Synod are requested to send reports to the Secretary of the Board, Rev. H. D. Darbaker, at Delmont, Westmoreland county, Pa., in time to be read at the above-named meeting.

SAMUEL Z. BEAM,
Pres. of the Board.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The fall term of the Theological Seminary commences on Thursday, Sept. 2, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when the opening address to the students will be delivered in the College Chapel by Prof. Frederick A. Gast, D. D.

E. V. GERHART,
Pres't of Faculty.

Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 5, 1880.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.

The next term of Franklin and Marshall College will open on Thursday, Sept. 24, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The opening address will be delivered at that hour in the College Chapel by Dr. F. A. Gast. New students may apply for entrance on the afternoon of the same day. Boarding, rooms, &c., can be had in Harbaugh Hall and the Academy on the same terms as last year.

J. H. DUBBS,
Sec. of the Faculty.

MERCERSBURG COLLEGE.

The next session of Mercersburg College will open on September 15th, 1880. Terms.—Including board, tuition, room and fuel, \$205 per year of forty weeks. Connected with the College, and under the direct care of the Professors, is a Preparatory School where students of any age from twelve upward are received. For further particulars address Rev. E. E. Higbee, D. D., President of College, Mercersburg, Franklin Co. Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—Suddenly in this city, on the 20th of August, 1880, of heart disease, Macdonald Ridgley Kerns, aged 54 years and 7 months, less one day.

The deceased was a step-son of the Rev. S. R. Fisher, and has resided in Cooper County, Missouri, for the last eleven years. At the time of his death, he was on a visit to his friends. He was born in Bedford, Pa., at which place he lived until some time after the marriage of his widowed mother. He then resided a short time in Chambersburg, Pa. On the breaking out of the war with Mexico, he enlisted in the army of the United States, and served as orderly sergeant of his company until near the close of the war, when he was discharged on account of disability resulting from yellow fever with which he was attacked when the army was near the city of Mexico.

After his return from the war, he spent some time at Marshall College, Mercersburg, Pa., and then at Chambersburg, reading law under the Hon. James Nill. In 1849, he went to California, and remained there about twenty years, including an interval of some months, which he spent in visiting his friends in his native State.

In 1869 he returned to Bedford, and after remaining there a short time, took up his abode in Missouri, where he resided until the time of his death. On the 24th of October 1870, he was married to Mrs. Josie O. Conner of Jefferson City, Mo., who, with one son, survives him. His remains were interred in Bedford, on the 24th of August, along side those of his father and several members of the family, with military honors, attended with the usual religious solemnities.

Mr. Kerns was of a very genial disposition, and warmly attached to his friends. He was generous to a fault, often parting with the last cent to help one in apparent need. In Missouri where he spent the last years of his life, he succeeded in winning the respect of the community in which he lived, and his death will be deeply lamented by all who knew him.

x x.

DIED.—In Broad Run, Frederick Co., Md., on the 21st of August, 1880, Russell Hamilton, infant son of John H. and Laura V. Grove, aged 2 months.

DIED.—In Altoona, Pa., Wednesday morning, Aug. 4th, Charles A., eldest son of Levi and Matilda Snyder, aged 16 years and 3 months.

The deceased was received into full communion with the Church while on his sick-bed. In Jesus he found peace and comfort, and died triumphant in the faith of life and immortality. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

DIED.—In Burkittsville, Md., on the 26th of July, 1880, Mrs. Elizabeth Grove, wife of George W. Grove, Esq., aged 76 years, 4 months and 2 days.

Mrs. Grove was a member of the Reformed church at Burkittsville. She was baptized in infancy by the Rev. Daniel Wagner, and confirmed in 1825 by the Rev. Jonathan Helfenstein. She was a consistent member of the Church, and died in the triumph of a living faith. She leaves a husband and six children to mourn her loss. May her death be sanctified to their good!

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yes, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

M. L. S.

DIED.—Aug. 7th, 1880, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Benjamin Smith, aged 84 years and 21 days.

When a child, Mother Smith was consecrated to the service of God by Holy Baptism, and, as a young woman confirmed in the covenant of grace at Bernuda, Adams Co., Pa., Rev. L. L. Hinson, pastor. Her father was John Albert of near York Springs, Pa. Over fifty-eight years ago, she was joined in holy wedlock with Benjamin Smith, but after a pleasant pilgrimage of twenty-eight years, he was stricken down by death, and she was left alone with a large family to pursue the journey of life. In a quiet, unassuming manner, but with devotion to her Saviour, she discharged her daily duties, and bore her trials and crosses. She succeeded, by the divine blessing, in training her children for Christ. One of her sons is the well-known Rev. M. A. Smith of Nazareth, Pa. By her death, a life of faith, including a widowhood of thirty years, is ended. The fragrance of its piety still abides with us—her faith is perpetuated in her children and grand-children. It was a comfort to commit her body to the ground in the assured hope of a blessed resurrection. She was a member of the St. Peter's congregation of the Landisberg charge. On account of its vacant pulpit, the funeral services were conducted by the writer.

"Sweet hope! a few more changing days
And weary cares our faith shall try;
Then for the songs of nobler praise,
The ceaseless Sabbath of the sky." N.

Acknowledgments.

MILTON, PA.

We acknowledge with gratitude the following contributions for the rebuilding of the Reformed church at Milton, Pa.

Jerualem & Summer Mountain Chs, Schuylkill Co, Pa, Rev J Kline, pastor,	\$ 21 00
Bern Ch, Berks Co, Pa, Rev A S Leinbach, pastor, additional	9 40
Orphan's Home, Womelsdorf, Pa, Rev D B Albright, Supt,	15 00
Orwigsburg, Schuylkill Co, Pa, Rev Henry Leise, pastor,	25 00
Glade Ch, Md, Rev S M Hench, pastor,	25 00
Waterstreet chg, Alexandria, Pa, Rev M H Sangree, pastor, through the services of Rev F A Rupley,	67 00
Hickory Bottom chg, Blair Co, Pa, Rev S Wolf, pastor,	11 00
Clover Creek chg, Blair Co, Pa, Rev F A Rupley, pastor,	50 25
Sulphur Spring chg, Cumberland Co, Pa, Rev Geo E Adams, pastor,	24 80
Trinity Ref Ch, York, Pa, Rev J O Miller, D D, pastor,	125 75
Hanover Ref Ch, Hanover, Pa, Rev W K Zieber, D D, pastor,	125 00

The following contributions were specified for my individual use, and for which I acknowledge my indebtedness.

Orwigsburg chg, Schuylkill Co, Pa, Rev Henry Leise, pastor,	\$ 5 00
Waterstreet chg, Huntingdon Co, Pa, Rev M H Sangree, pastor,	10 60
Clover Creek chg, Blair Co, Pa, Rev F A Rupley, pastor,	10 60
Sulphur Springs chg, Cumberland Co, Pa, Rev Geo E Adams, pastor,	10 60
Rev E N Kreamer, Bedford, Pa, nine volumes Olshausen's Commentary on the New Testament, Clark's translation.	

S. B. SCHAFER.

Youth's Department.

A FABLE.

A flower, on the bank of a brooklet,
Said, "Dear Brook, I'm very dry;
Just give me a taste of fresh water,
As swiftly you hurry by."
"I've only enough for myself," said the brook,
"And naught for charity."
"O Cloud," said the brook, "remember
I'm expected soon at the sea,
And I'm almost out of fresh water;
Then, O Cloud, remember me."
"I've nothing to give," said the cloud, "unless
'Tis a little sympathy."
"O Sea," said the cloud, "You're rich and full,
You can give me all I need;
If I had a quarter as much as you,
All cries for help I'd heed."
"I haven't too much," said the sea; "and then
'Tis my duty myself to feed."

"Sweet Flower," said the bee, "just give me a
taste
Of the honey within your cup;
But drawing near, the bee perceived
The flower was all withered up.
So he said no more, but sought beyond
A better place to sup.

The sun was sailing along the sky,
And he saw the withered flower,
And the pebbly bed of the brook, now dry,
And the cloud bereft of power,
And the gasping sea, as restless quite
As if it had no dower.

And he smiled a smile, so bright and warm,
That the sea was ashamed of his greed,
And sent a donation up to the cloud;
The cloud supplied the brook's need,
And the brook the flower, the flower the bee
Abundantly did feed.
Our hearts are hard as the cold, hard stones,
As pitiless as the sea,
Till the Sun of Righteousness arise,
Our selfishness to see.
Let us pray, my friends, for a bright warm smile
To fall on you and me.

—Little Star.

TWO WAYS OF READING THE BIBLE.

"Would you like another chapter, Lilian dear?" asked Kate Everard of the invalid cousin, to nurse whom she had lately come from Hampshire.

"Not now, thanks; my head is tired," was the feeble reply.

Kate closed her Bible with a feeling of slight disappointment. She knew that Lilian was slowly sinking under incurable disease, and what could be more suitable to the dying than to be constantly hearing the Bible read? Lilian might surely listen if she were too weak to read to herself. Kate was never easy in mind unless she perused at least two or three chapters daily, besides a portion of the Psalms, and she had several times gone through the whole Bible from beginning to end. And here was Lilian, whose days on earth might be few, tired with one short chapter!

"There must be something wrong here," thought Kate, who had never during her life kept her bed for one day through sickness. "It is a sad thing when the dying do not prize the Word of God." Such was the hard thought which passed through the mind of Kate, and she felt it her duty to speak on the subject to Lilian, though she scarcely knew how to begin. "Lilian," said Kate, trying to soften her naturally quick, sharp tones to gentleness. "I should have thought that now, when you are so ill, you would have found special comfort in the Scriptures."

Lilian's languid eyes had closed, but she opened them, and with a soft, earnest gaze on her cousin, replied, "I do—they are my support; I have been feeding on one verse all the morning."

"And what is that verse?" asked Kate.

"Whom I shall see for myself," began Lilian, slowly; but Kate cut her short—

"I know that verse perfectly—it is in Job; it comes just after 'I know my Redeemer liveth;' the verse is, 'Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.'"

"What do you understand by the expression, 'not another?'" asked Lilian.

"Why, of course it means—well, it just means, I suppose, that we shall see the Lord ourselves," replied Kate, a little puzzled by the question; for though she had read the text a hundred times, she had never once dwelt on the meaning.

"Do you think," said Lilian, rousing herself a little, "that the last three

words are merely a repetition of 'whom I shall see for myself?'"

"Really, I have never so particularly considered those words," answered Kate. "Have you found out any remarkable meaning in 'not another?'"

"They were a difficulty to me," replied the invalid, "till I happened to read that in the German Bible they are rendered a little differently; and then I searched my own Bible, and found that the word in the margin of it is like that in the German translation."

"I never look at the marginal references," said Kate, "though mine is a large Bible and has them."

"I find them such a help in comparing Scripture with Scripture," observed Lilian.

Kate was silent for several seconds. She had been careful daily to read a large portion from the Bible; but to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest it," she had never even thought of trying to do. In a more humble tone she now asked her cousin, "What is the word which is in the margin of the Bible instead of 'another,' in that difficult text?"

"A stranger," replied Lilian; and then clasping her thin wasted hands, she repeated the whole passage on which her soul had been feeding with silent delight, "Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not a stranger." Oh, Kate," continued the dying girl, while unbidden tears rose to her eyes, "if you only knew what sweetness I have found in that verse all this morning while I have been in great bodily pain! I am in the Valley of Shadow—I shall soon cross the dark river; I know it; but He will be with me, and 'not a stranger.' He is the Good Shepherd, and I know His voice; a stranger would I not follow. And when I open my eyes in another world, it is the Lord Jesus whom I shall behold—my own Saviour, my own tried friend and 'not a stranger; I shall at last see Him whom, not having seen, I have loved.'"

Lilian closed her eyes again, and the large drops, overflowing, fell down her pallid cheeks; she had spoken too long for her strength. But the feeble sufferer's words had not been spoken in vain.

"Lilian has drawn more comfort and profit from one verse—nay, from three words in the Bible, than I have drawn from the whole book," reflected Kate. "I have but read the Scriptures—she has searched them. I have been like one floating carelessly over the surface of water under which lie pearls; Lilian has dived deep, and made the treasure her own."

Let me earnestly recommend the habit of choosing from our morning portion of the Bible some few words to meditate over during the day. At a mother's meeting which I attend, each of the women in her turn gives a text to be remembered daily by all during the week; and in every family such a custom might be found helpful. It is by praying over, resting on, feeding on God's Word, that we find that it is indeed spirit and life, and to the humble, contrite heart, "sweeter than honey and the honey-comb."—*Advocate and Guardian*.

WHAT A SMILE DID.

In a little red-brick house in our village lived Gertrude White, a sweet little girl about nine years old. She was a general favorite in Cherryville. But she had one trouble: Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-head" whenever they met. Then she would pout and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement, "Mother, I can't bear this any longer," she said; "Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow-head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" said the good mother. Gertrude silently obeyed. "Now will my little daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?" Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted and oppressed, yet "opened not His mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called Him names?" and her eyes

filled with tears as the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night, she asked God to help her to bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he was too much surprised to call after her, if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he watched her till she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was very ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying: "I used to like to see you get cross, but when you smiled I couldn't stand that." Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and of its effect upon her; Will did not reply, but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he would never call her names again.—*From "Little and Wise," by the Rev. Dr. Newton.*

CHINESE MONEY.

Coined money was known among them as early as the eleventh century before Christ, but came at last to be made so thin that a thousand of them piled together were only three inches high; then gold and silver were abandoned; and copper, tin, shells, skins, stones and paper were given a fixed value. They cannot be said now to have a coinage; 2,900 years ago they made round coins with a square hole in the middle, and they have not advanced beyond that time. The well-known cash is a cast-brass coin of that description, and although it is in value about one mill and a half of our money, and has to be strung in lots of 1,000 to be computed with any ease, it is the sole measure of value and legal tender of the country.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

AN OLD RHYME FOR NEW LEARNERS.

First William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John;
Next Henry the Third, Edwards one, two and three,
And again after Richard three Henries we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard—if rightly I guess,
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess.
Then James the Scot, then Charles whom they slew,
And then followed Cromwell, another Charles too.
King James the Second, of first Charles the son,
Then William and Mary together reigned on,
Till Anne, George Fourth, and fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria, the loved and the last.

TALES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

When the news came of the revolution in Turkey and the despotism of Abdul Aziz, Queen Victoria, it is said, lost no time in intervening in his behalf, by telegraphing to Constantinople and expressing her hope that the ex-Sultan would not be subjected to any violence or ill-treatment. "Soignez le bien"—Take good care of him—said her Majesty; but the cruel telegraph made her say, "Saignez le bien"—Bleed him well: and how they bled him, all the world knows. The story is not impossible. In his last annual report, the Postmaster-General owns that a poor woman, telegraphing to a relative, "Mary is bad," and her message rendered, "Mary is dead;" and that a pleasure party wishing to advise their friends at home of their safety by the assurance that they had "Arrived all right," scandalized the anxious ones with the announcement, "We have arrived all tight." But many jokes are perpetrated by the wire without receiving official recognition. A lady living near London, whose lord and master went up to town every day, was not a little puzzled by a message from him telling her he "would bring Sal on for dinner;" nor was she quite easy in her mind until ocularly convinced that his

only companion was a fine salmon. A gentleman telegraphing to a bookseller at Cambridge to forward him a copy of a book of prize poems containing Johnson's poem on Plato, was surprised at receiving by the first post a letter from the bookseller, saying he could not find any such work; but his surprise did not outlast the discovery that by the time his message reached Cambridge the title he had given had become transformed into "John Pomons on Plate Money."—*Chambers' Journal*.

FAIRIES' WORK.

BY CLEMMIE BENJAMIN.

Perhaps you can tell me where
Lies the land that the fairies live in:
Those wonderful fairies that spin and spin
Silk for the babies' hair—
The brown hair, the black, and the gold.
Do they spin more each day as the baby grows old?

Where do they find the blue
For painting the darlings' eyes?
I should think they would steal all the blue from
the skies;
Nobody cares if they do.
If all of our sunshine they took,
We could find it again in a baby's sweet look.

Each fairy man has a brush,
Cheeks to color bright pink,
Numberless soft little shadows to ink,
Dimples to hollow and flush,
Cunning white arms to tint,
Foreheads to polish, eyelashes to glint.

Don't say there is no such thing
As fairies. Why, how do you think
That babies can giggle and "goo goo" and wink,
Unless somebody pulls on a string?
And how can you ever deny
'Tis the bad little brownies that make them cry?

Fairies are busy I know—
Think of the babies there be
In this land and other lands over the sea;
Think of all the babies that grow,
From our little, dignified man,
To the almond-eyed youngsters' way off in Japan.
—*Churchman*.

BIBLE TERMS.

Readers of the Bible will be interested in the following explanations of expressions frequently met with in the Holy Scriptures. They are said to be entirely correct. A day's journey was 33 miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about one English mile. Ezekiel's reed was 11 feet, nearly. A cubit is 22 inches, nearly. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A shekel of silver was about 50 cents. A shekel of gold was \$8.09. A talent of silver was \$1,518.32. A talent of gold was \$23,309. A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents. A farthing was 3 cents. A gerah was 2 cents. A mite was 1½ cents. A homer contained 76 gallons and 5 pints. An ephah, or bath, contained 7 gallons and 4 pints. A hin was 1 gallon and 2 pints. A firkin was 7 pints. An omer was 6 pints. A cab was 3 pints. A log was one-half pint.

WILLINGNESS AND GOOD FIGURES.

"Can you give me any work, please, sir?" said a neat but poorly clad boy of twelve years of age to a New York merchant.

"Got all the help I need," was the short and sharp reply of the busy city merchant.

"It's hard," replied the disappointed lad, "that a boy that is willing to work can't get a job in this large city."

"Why did you come to this city, my boy?" asked the merchant, glancing at the despondent lad.

"Because I want to earn enough to help support my mother and sister."

This reply, with the peculiar manner of the boy, somewhat moved the harsh merchant, and he asked:

"What are you willing to do?"

"Anything, sir. Anything in the world that I can do well."

"Well, go and take hold, and pile up the empty boxes and pick up the loose papers, etc., down in the cellar."

In less time than it takes me to tell it, the boy was hard at work picking up the loose papers and piling up the empty boxes, and cleaning up in general. During the day the merchant asked the foreman:

"How is that strange lad working?"

"Like a beaver, sir. He is killing himself with work."

When night came the work-worn lad

was offered one whole dollar for that day's wages.

"No, sir!" said the boy; "give me one-half a dollar. It's all I think I've earned and will buy me a supper and a lodging."

This the merchant thought was uncommon honesty, and pleased him so much that he told the lad to come the next morning. He was there long before any one else was, and in that way showed his promptness. During the day, when the foreman was out, he marked the weight on some bundles that he had been weighing. The head of the firm happened to notice the figures, and as they were so well made, and in a strange hand, he inquired as to who made them. When he learned that the new boy had made them, he sent for him to come down to the office. When he came into the office he was asked to show a specimen of his writing by copying an article. His writing was so beautiful that he decided to hire him for an office clerk. So this boy, that was once very poor, obtained a permanent situation and a good salary by his willingness to do any work that was given him to do; also, by taking pains with his figures and writing.

All boys that read the above narrative can take a lesson from it, by taking pains with everything they do. No matter whether the thing that you do is of much importance or not, do it as well as possible.—*Methodist Protestant*.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Nineveh was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide and forty-six miles round, with a wall thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 425 feet long, 220 feet wide, with 127 columns, 60 feet high,—each one the gift of a king; it was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids was 481 feet in height and 853 feet on the sides. The base covers eleven acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 350,000 men in building. The Labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in decorations that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles round.

Pleasantries.

The report that the baby elephant was born with a valise instead of a trunk, is incorrect.

The Philadelphia *Chronicle* knows an organ-grinder who is so suspicious that he compels his monkey to carry a bell-punch.

A miser is said to have put a cork into the nozzle of the bellows after kindling a fire, to save the little wind there was left in it.

When Sydney Smith was out of health, his doctor advised him to take a walk on an empty stomach. The witty patient asked: "Whose?"

In Scotland there are narrow open ditches called sheep drains. A man was riding a donkey across a sheep pasture—but when the animal came to a sheep drain he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, turned him round and applied the whip, thinking, of course, that the donkey, when going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain before he knew it. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over the donkey's head to the other side. No sooner had he touched the ground, than he got up, and looking the beast straight in the face, said: "Verra weel pitched; but then, hoo are ye ta get ower yersel'?"

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

At all the Roman Catholic churches but one in New York city a small admittance fee is charged.

The Minnesota Council of the Lutheran Church requested the Bishop to ask each one of the clergy to read to their congregation one Sunday in each year the Homily on gluttony and drunkenness.

The Virginia Bible Society is about to canvass the entire State with the view of supplying every family with a copy of the Holy Scriptures. Nearly fifty active men will be employed in the work, at a salary of \$25 a month and expenses.

The Tunkers will not permit their women to wear hats. A petition was presented at their last annual meeting asking that they might wear "modest hats," but the council said no; they must abstain from every appearance of evil.

Ocean Grove was started only eleven years ago by a handful of Methodist preachers and laymen with only a few hundred dollars, and now the assessed valuation of property there, (and at Asbury Park, its twin sister,) was about \$3,000,000. Its post-office showed 250,000 letters received and sent last year, and its railroad office over 500,000 tickets to and from there.

Sixteen colored men received diplomas at the recent commencement of the theological department of Howard University at Washington. The whole number of theological students during the past year has been fifty, eight more than attended the year before. There are fifty-two colored churches in Washington, the Baptists and Methodists having by far the largest number. Only one is Roman Catholic, and there is only one Presbyterian.

The Lutheran Theological Faculty of St. Louis have formulated a set of theses on mutual relief societies in which they give reasons why Lutherans should not belong to them. Some curious reasons are given for this restriction. One of these reasons is that such membership would compel Christians to ask the service of unbelievers to watch at night in case of severe sickness. Another is that "A Christian dare not accompany every member of the association to the grave."

Abroad.

It is announced, on authority in the London journals, that the College Committee of the Free Church of Scotland has decided that there is no new case against Professor Robertson Smith.

A recent Congress of one hundred and fifty orthodox rabbis at Pesth, Hungary, discussed two resolutions: first, that the orthodox should completely separate themselves from the reformers; and, second, that no graduate of the Pesth Seminary should be accepted as rabbi of an orthodox congregation. The first resolution was lost, but the second was carried.

A wonderful confirmation has been witnessed in Clifden Church, in the county of Galway, Ireland. Two hundred and fifty-five persons professed their faith and allegiance to our Lord Jesus Christ. All were well instructed, serious and earnest. At least four-fifths of them were converts from Romanism, the results of the work of Irish missions to Roman Catholics. The congregation of Clifden Church numbers 600, of whom three fourths are converts.

The Society of Friends in England have created a wholesome discussion among its members by the introduction of singing in some of its general meetings. The practice was both attacked and defended at the recent London yearly meeting, and although the conservative element inclined the meeting to the expressed view that silent meditation and animated preaching were sufficient to secure the operation of the Holy Spirit, there were still to be found many who strenuously supported their belief in the power of songs of praise.

"The Responsibility of the Church for Dissent" is to be discussed in all its bearings at the coming English Church Congress by the Dean of Peterborough, Archdeacon Watkins, Earl Nelson, the Bishop of Liverpool, and Professor Plumtre. The Bishop of Liverpool, in acknowledging two volumes presented to him by the Nonconformists of the city, made the significant remark, that there was work enough for all in that great centre of population, and that their only contention should be "who can do the most for Christ."

Belgium has for a time, at least, thrown off all allegiance to Rome. If Roman Catholic Ultramontaniam had a chance of asserting its authority anywhere with success it was in Belgium. Its population is principally Roman Catholic; and if Rome fails to assert her authority here, then she must, indeed, feel that the forces of modern society are arrayed against her. The Belgian Government has repeatedly tried, but failed, to get any assistance from Rome in its efforts to overcome the hostility of the Roman Catholic clergy to the laws of the State, and especially to the new Education Act, which requires the Government inspection of every school. The result is now that the Belgians have broken off all official communications with the Roman court. Rome is, in the eyes of all Europe, rebuked and discarded by the power on which she most relied for sympathy and support. Whether or not the

priests, Jesuits, and Communists will combine presently to raise a revolution again in Belgium and France remains to be seen.

Books and Periodicals.

The September WIDE AWAKE is full of interesting reading for little people, among the more important contributions being "Patty's Travelling Bag," by Clara Eekline Clement; "The Difference Between Tweedledum and Tweedledee," by Cornelia S. Parker; "Why Granmammy Didn't Like Pound Cake," by Sherwood Bonner, and the usual series.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE opens its September number with a very attractive paper, entitled "Mr. Pickwick and Nicholas Nickleby," giving sketches of the local scenery mentioned in those works. Another pictorial feature is the beginning of the life of "Jean Francois Millet—Peasant and Painter," with fine illustrations from Millet's works. "When Woods are Green," a bright sketch of summer resort life, is ably illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. R. Swain Gilford. An interesting chapter in the history of the French Revolution is contributed by ex Minister Washburne in a paper on "Thomas Paine and the French Revolution," which contains several documents hitherto unpublished. Professor H. C. Wood, of this city, contributes a valuable paper to the series discussing the question of vivisection. Lieutenant T. A. Lyons, U. S. N., gives an illustrated account of the loss of the United States steamship Onida, which was sunk in Yokohama Bay, in 1870, by a British vessel commanded by the notorious Captain Eyre. This is but a glance at the more weighty contents of a very rich and entertaining number of Scribner.

St. Nicholas for September is a thorough sea-side and out-of-doors number.

Miss Abbott's serial, "Jack and Jill," takes its young people through fun and mishap beside the sea, and Mr. Noah Brooks' continued story, "The Fairport Nine," describes a night attack by the "White Bears" upon the camp of the "Fairports," and how two of the boys went digging for hid treasure, and two others raised what the old people thought must be an earthquake.

Of the complete short stories, "A Day off Barnegat," illustrated by W. L. Sheppard, narrates how cedar-legs are mined out of sunken marshes; "Roll's Runaway," illustrated by E. B. Bensen, tells how a kite flew out to sea, towing a boy in a small boat; "How Tom Cole Carried out his Plan" paraphrases an incident in the life of William Morris Hunt; "The Lesson of Walnut Creek," with two pictures, shows the advantage of girls' knowing how to swim; "The New Engineer of the Valley Railroad," illustrated by H. Faber, gives an account of a rash monkey's exploit on an unattended locomotive; and "The Naughtiest Day of my Life," with two pictures by Robert Lewis, is the first half of a characteristic story by H. H.

Boys will find interest and instruction in Mr. Norton's fully illustrated article about "Small Boats: How to Rig and Sail Them," and in Mr. Barnard's "Talk about the Bicycle," with its nine pictures.

There are also in this number a description of the "Girls' Swimming-Bath," with several pictures, by Miss C. A. Northam; "Chased by a Hoop-Snake," one of "The Major's Big-talk Stories," with a funny illustration by Miss S. A. Rankin; several comic pictures, a number of poems, a Young Contributor's story ("The Bicycle Boys"), two pages of large type and pictures for very little readers, and the usual departments, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Letter-Box," and "Riddle-Box."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, August, 1880. A Dishonored Nation, by the Rev. F. Barham Zincke; On Half-culture in Germany: Its Causes and Remedies, by Dr. Karl Hillebrand; International Morality, by the Rev. J. L. Davies; River water, Sea-water, and Rook-Salt, by Justus Roth; Mr. Herbert Spencer's Data of Ethics, by the Rev. Professor Wace; The Missing Millions, by Lieut. Colonel Osborn; Problem of the Homerio Poems, by Professor John Stuart Blackie; Rent: A Reply to Mr. Murrrough O'Brien, by Professor Bonamy Price; Comparative Aesthetics, by Vernon Lee; Belgium: The Problem of Liberty in Catholic Countries, by John Rae; Contemporary Men of Letters in their Predecessors, by George H. Clarke; White Wings: A Yachting Romance, chapters XXI. to XLIII, by William Black, from Cornhill Magazine. Price, 20 cts. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, August, 1880. An Englishman's Protest, by His Eminence Cardinal Manning; Peasant Proprietors at Home, by J. H. Take; Flotion, Fair and Foul, II., by John Ruskin; The Creed of the Early Christians, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster; Iceland, by Sir David Wedderburn; East, West, and Home, by Representative Government in the Colonies, by Arthur Mills; Our National Art Collections and Provincial Art Museums, (continued), by J. C. Robinson; The Future of China, by D. C. Boulger; State Aid and Control in Industrial Assurance, by H. Seymour Tremerehere, C. B.; Political Optimism: A Dialogue, by H. D. Traill; The Landowners' Picnic, by Justin McCarthy, M. P.; Recent Literature, [Compiled by Mark W. Call, Alfred Church, H. G. Hewlett, Clements R. Markham, William Minto, James Payn, G. J. Romanes, F. W. Rudler, Lionel Tennyson, and E. D. Wilson]; Sunrise: A Story of These Times, by William Black, chapters XVII. to XXI. Price, 20 cts. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of The Living Age for the weeks ending August 21st and 28th respectively, contain the following articles: Recent and Future Arctic Voyages, and Thomas Chatterton, Quarterly; On the Sources of German Discontent, Contemporary; A New Study of Tennyson, Cornhill; The Strange Story of Kitty Canham, Temple Bar; Climbing Plants, Popular Science Monthly; Country Life in Portugal, Blackwood; Street Nuisances, Saturday Review; About Cats, Queen; Nature's Hygiene, Nature; and for fiction, "Harry Martin's Wife," and instalments of "Bush Life in Queensland," and Mrs. Parr's "Adam and Eve," and the usual amount of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with The Living Age for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Little & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

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There is hardly a school within the bounds of our denomination that is not able to take it, either for the whole year, or a portion, which many are doing at this time.

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General News.

HOME.

A fire destroyed the extensive flour mills at Thirteenth and Willow streets on Thursday morning. The miller perished in the flames.

General Albert J. Myer, Chief of the United States Signal Corps, and generally known as "Old Probabilities," died last week at Buffalo, N. Y.

Two hundred applications for space have been made by machinists at the coming State fair to be held at Fairmount Park, commencing on Monday, Sept. 6th.

Preparations have been made for a full return to work in all the collieries in the Schuylkill regions. The companies have arranged to suspend the restrictions for September.

On Monday work was commenced on the new Passenger Depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at Merrick and Filbert streets. The building is to be ready for occupancy by the first of January.

During a storm on Wednesday last a cyclone one mile wide swept over Little Neck, Great Neck and Creedmoor, L. I. Hundreds of acres of corn were destroyed and many buildings were damaged. One house was damaged by lightning.

A cyclone passed over Allentown, Pa., on Sunday last. It lasted but a short time, but the destruction of signs, trees, &c., was great, and excited consternation. The destruction to corn crops along the line of the North P. R. R. is said to be great.

During a thunder storm on Saturday evening a 25,000 barrel oil tank at State Line, near Bradford, Pa., was fired by lightning. The spread of the fire beyond the tank was prevented by firing solid shot into its bottom, and drawing off the burning oil. During the storm other property in the oil field was destroyed, and the losses are estimated at \$40,000.

Five young men at Lowell, Mass., attended a picnic at Andover on Saturday, and either because they had no money to pay their fare, or wanted to have "sport," they climbed on the top of a passenger car in the train which left Lawrence at 7.03 P. M. At Sprague's Bridge, two miles from Lowell, all five were swept off the car by the bridge and killed.

FOREIGN.

Reports from the Prussian provinces state that the recent frosts have almost totally destroyed the harvest.

London, August 23.—A despatch from Constantinople says the collective note of the Powers in regard to the Greek frontier question is firm but not threatening in its tone.

It is reported from London that England has finally accepted the task, refused by France, of drawing up a fresh note in regard to the Greek question, on a basis approved by the Powers, rejecting the Porte's suggestions.

It is announced from Paris that the American objections to the Panama Canal have been waived, and the neutralization of the Canal, under the guardianship of the United States, has been accepted. M. de Lesseps wishes to issue a total amount of over 600,000,000 francs in shares in Paris, London, New York and Frankfurt.

Constantinople, August 26.—It is certain that the Sultan is somewhat alarmed, as his conviction that the European concert has broken down and the naval demonstration been abandoned has been shaken by the intelligence he has received during the last few days; but he still hopes that the danger will somehow be averted, and is very reluctant to take any decisive steps until he is quite certain that the Powers will employ coercion. Some naval authorities declare consequently that the danger is already past; for the united squadron can hardly be got ready before the time of the equinoctial gales, when it would be very hazardous for large men-of-war to visit the Albanian coast. As this idea has been communicated to the Sultan, it is probably one of the many motives which induce him to refrain from decisive steps.

London, Aug. 28.—It is stated that at the end of autumn a meeting of Conservatives will be held under the auspices of Lord Beaconsfield and the members of the late Government, to advise the various Conservative associations throughout the country affiliated with the London Central Association as to the propriety of holding meetings during the winter, with the view of ascertaining the opinions of their constituencies upon current politics, including the continuance of the Ballot act, or the advisability of returning to the system of open voting, and new enactments designed to prevent abuses. The Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Richard Assheton Cross, Sir John Holker and Lord George Hamilton have promised to take part in the meeting.

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Received from St. Matthew's congregation, Rev. L. D. Stambaugh, pastor, West Vincent, Chester Co., Pa., per S. R. F. \$9 95
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THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 28, 1880.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

FLOUR.—The sales reported comprised about 1,300 barrels, in lots, on a basis of quotations as follows: Supers at \$2.50@3; winter extras, \$3.50@4; Pennsylvania family, \$4.75@5.25, chiefly \$5 for good new; Ohio and Indiana do., \$5.25@5.75; St. Louis do., \$5.50@6; winter patent, \$6.50@7.25; Minnesota bakers' extras \$5.25@6, chiefly \$5.25@5.75; do. straight, \$6@6.75; do. patents, \$6.75@8.25. Rye Flour easier, with sales of Pennsylvania at \$4.25@4.50, as to quality.

WHEAT.—We note sales of 400 bushels rejected at 90c; 500 bushels fair Delaware red, in bags, at \$1@1.02; 3,500 bushels prime do., afloat, late yesterday, at \$1.06, closing weak to-day at \$1.06 asked; our lots No. 2 red, spot, in elevator, at \$1.05; 5,000 bushels do., August, at \$1.05; 10,000 bushels do., September, at \$1.05; 20,000 bushels do. at \$1.05; 10,000 bushels do., October, at \$1.07, and 5,000 bushels do., November, at \$1.08, closing at 1 P. M. with \$1.04 bid and \$1.05 asked, August; \$1.05 bid and \$1.05 asked, September; \$1.07 bid and \$1.07 asked, October, and \$1.08 bid and \$1.08 asked, November. Shipments, none. Stock in elevators, 918,678 bushels.

CORN.—The local market was irregular, but generally firm, with sales of 1,500 bushels sail mixed at 52c; 2,000 bushels do. do. at 53c; 800 bushels high mixed and Western yellow at 53c; and 1 car choice yellow, on North Pennsylvania track, at 55c.—a fancy price. At the noon call 5,000 bushels sail mixed, September, sold at 51c, closing with 51c bid and 52c asked for August; 51c bid and 51c asked for September; 51c bid and 52c asked for October, and 52c bid and 52c asked for November. Shipments, none. Stock in elevators, 430,739 bushels.

OATS.—We were quiet but firm on the spot, with sales of 7,000 bushels, in lots, including stained and rejected white at 35@37c; No. 2 mixed at 37c; No. 3 white at 39@40c, the latter for extras of this grade, and 4c for No. 2 white, with No. 1 do. held at 42@43c. Options were dull and a shade lower.

RYE.—We were scarce and not reliably quotable. If here it is probable that prime would command 85c, and perhaps more.

GROCERIES.—Coffee was quiet but firm, with sales of 250 bags low grade and good ordinary Rio at 12@13c; 350 bags ordinary and good Lagayra at 14@15c; and 125 bags low fair Magacito at 15@16c. For fair to Raw Sugars continued firm at 7c@7c. For fair to good refined muscovado, with light offerings. Refined Sugars were active and firmer, with sales of out loaf at 11c; crushed and powdered at 10c; granulated at 10c, and mould and standard A at 10c. Rice was dull and unchanged at 52@53c. For common to choice Carolina.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$16; shoulders, in salt, 6@6c; do. smoked, 7c; do. pickled, 6c@6c; pickled bellies at 9c@10c, as to average; loose butchers' Lard, 8c; prime tallow, 8c; city lard, 8c; city lard refined do., 8c. Beef Hams at \$21; 22; smoked Beef, 15@16c; smoked Hams 12@13c; sweet pickled Ham, 10c@11c, as to average; India Mess Beef, 16c f. o. b.; city family do., \$11.50; packet do., \$10.50.

BUTTER.—Quotations were: Creamery extras, 25c; 26c; do. good to prime, 22c@24c; imitation creamery, 14c@20c, as to quality; Bradford and York State dairy, extras, 23c; do. good to prime, 20c@22c; Western dairy, extras, 19c@20c.—little of this kind here; do. good, to choice, 16c@18c; factory packed, 12c@16c, as to quality; common grades, 10c@12c; grease, 7c@9c. Rolls, 10c@16c, as to quality. Prints fatty, 25c@28c; do. firsts, 18c@22c; do. seconds, 10c@16c.

EGGS.—We quote ordinary Western at 17c@17c; strictly fresh do., 18c, and Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and other near by fresh stock at 19c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York factory, full cream, choice, at 12c@13c; do. fair to good, 12c@12c; do. half skims, 10c@11c; Ohio, flat, fine, 11c@12c; do. fair to good, 11c@11c; do. half skims, 10c@11c; full skims, 7c@9c, as to quality.

LIVE POULTRY.—Chickens were dull and lower under free offerings, with sales at 8c@9c for good to choice. Ducks were not wanted, and not quotable in the absence of supplies.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote choice North Pennsylvania timothy Hay at \$22@23; prime Western and York State do. at \$19@20, the latter for strictly choice; fair and choice mixed do. at \$18@19. Rye Straw at \$18; oat do. at \$12, and wheat do. at \$9@10 per ton.

SEEDS.—Clover was quiet but firm at 8c@9c for fair to choice. Timothy was in fair demand and firm at \$2.50@2.60, as to quality, chiefly at \$2.60 for prime. Flax was quiet and steady at \$1.26.

FEED.—We were under light offerings, but the demand was only moderate. Sales of 4 cars prime winter wheat Bran in local elevator at \$15@15.25.

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Arr. Carlisle, 9:00 " 2:35 " 5:20 " 9:45 "
" Chambersburg 10:30 " 4:00 " 6:45 " 11:00 "
" Hagerstown 11:30 " 5:00 " 7:30 " 12:00 "
" Martinsburg 12:30 P. M. 6:30 "
Leaves Philadelphia 5:30 P. M.

DOWN TRAINS.

Live. Martinsburg, 6:30 A. M. 8:30 P. M.
" Hagerstown, 8:00 " 10:30 "
" Chambersburg 4:30 A. M. 7:00 P. M. 4:35 "
" Carlisle, 5:30 " 8:00 " 10:30 " 12:00 "
Arr. Harrisburg 6:40 " 11:20 " 3:30 " 7:00 "
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